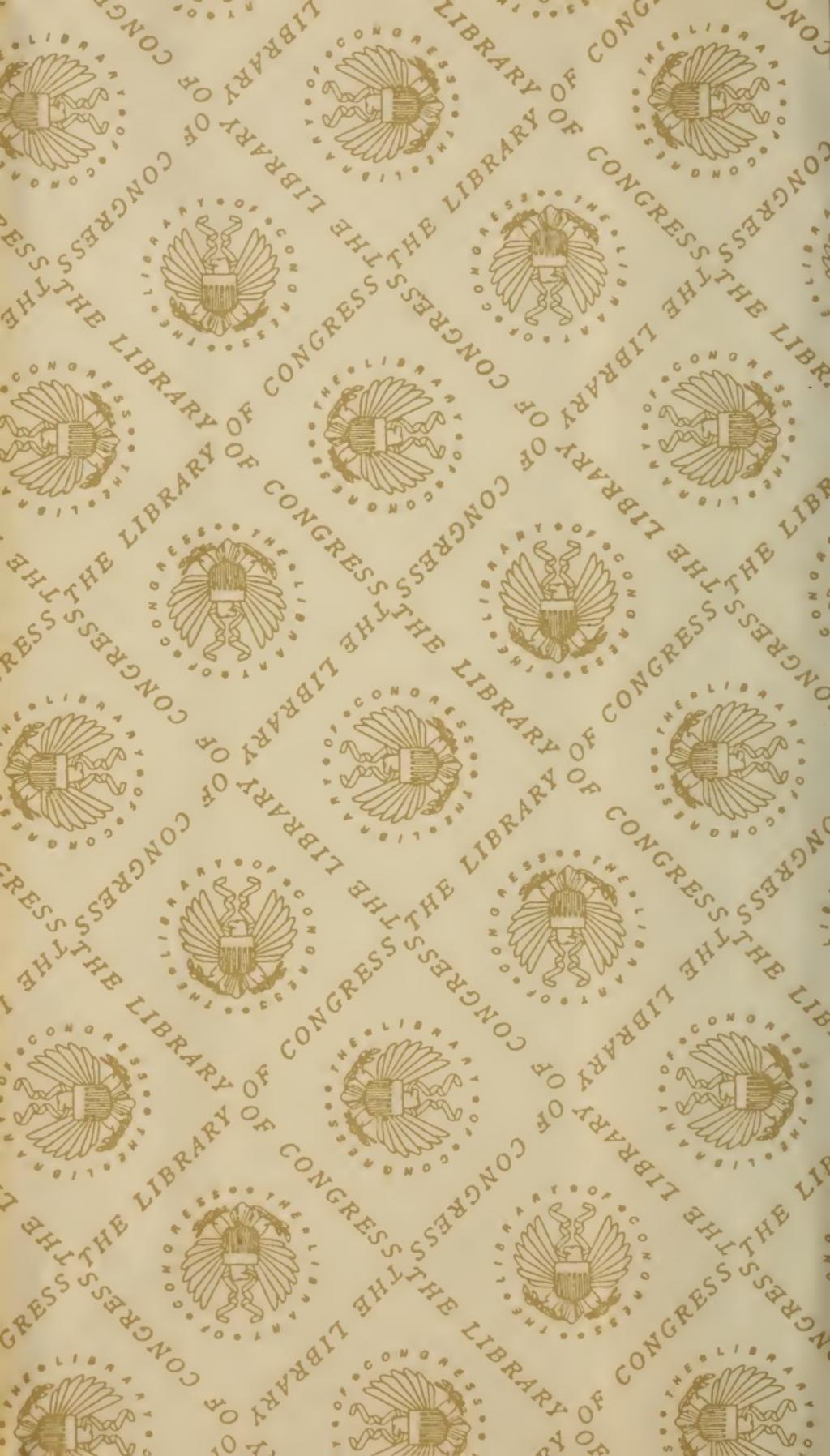


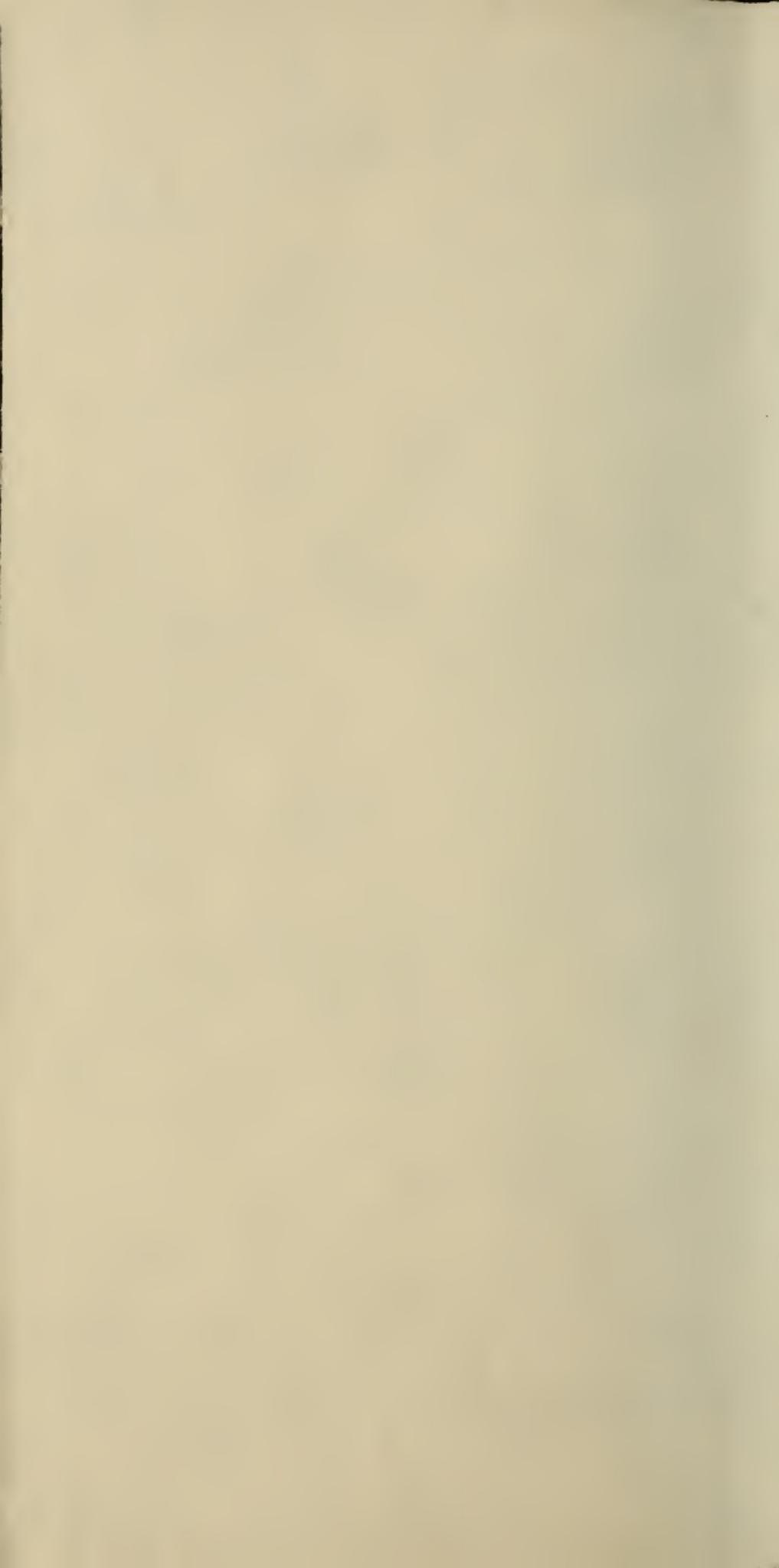
PR 5054

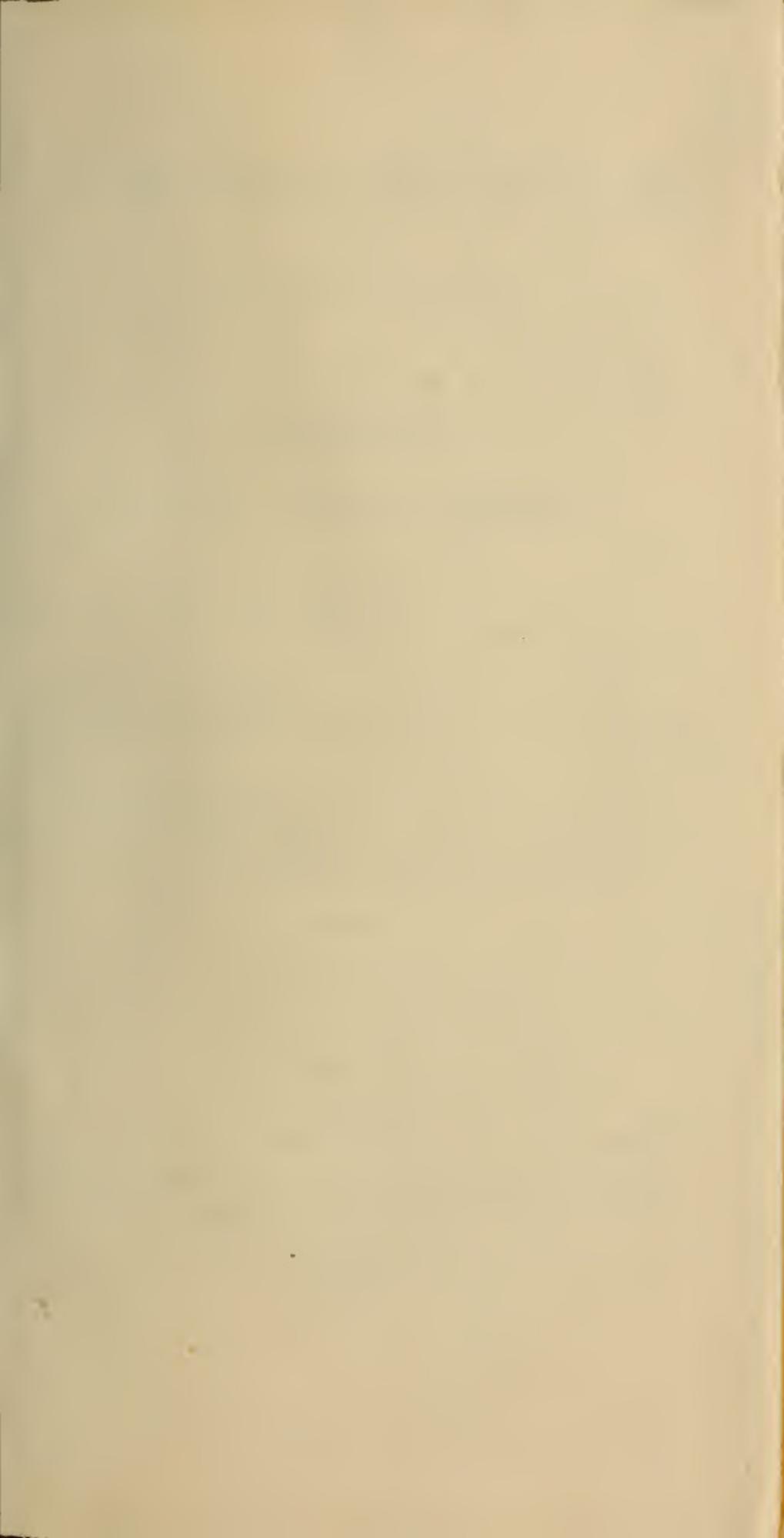
.T5

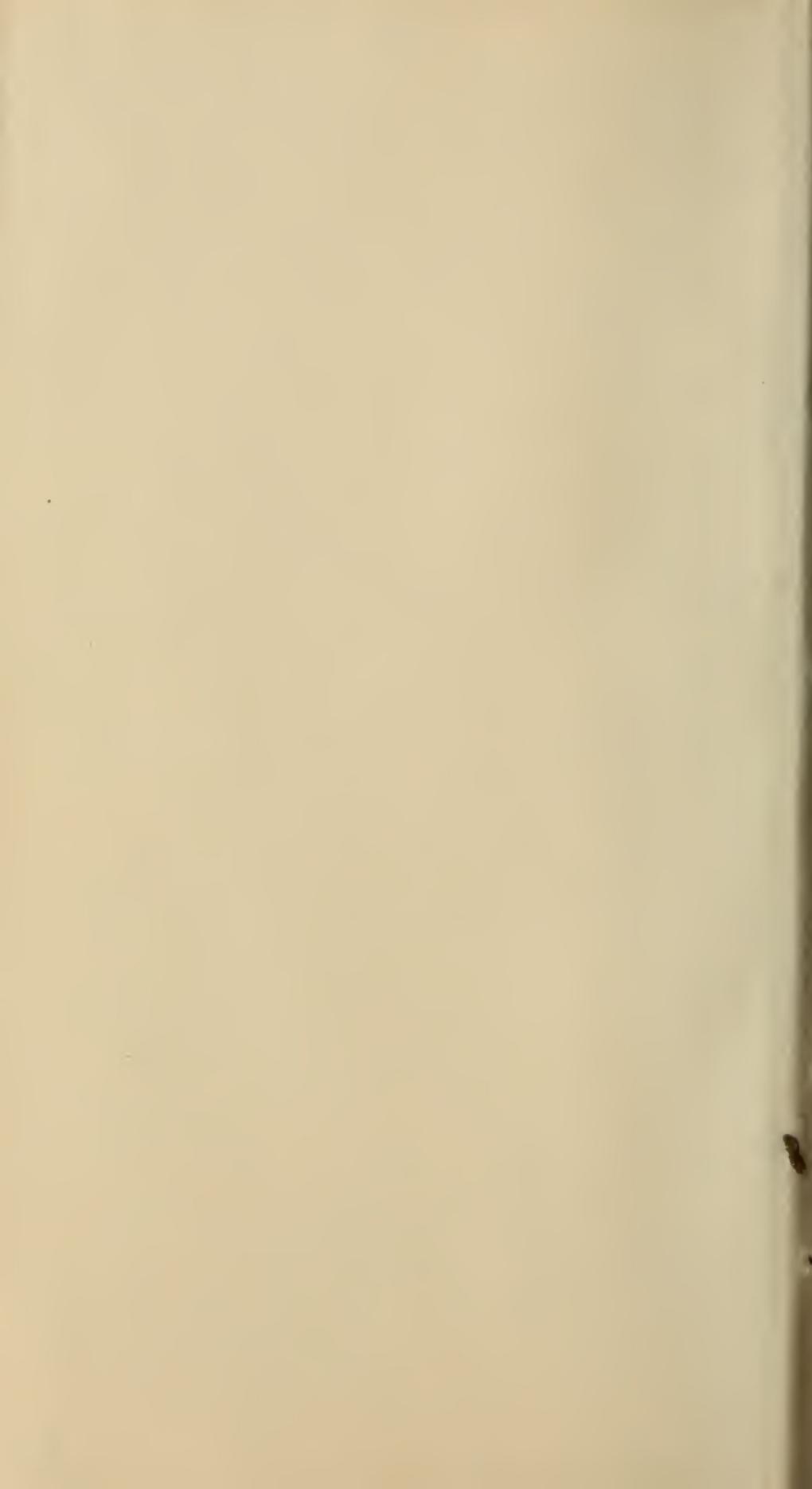
1819











TOM CRIB'S MEMORIAL
TO
CONGRESS.
WITH
A Preface,
NOTES, AND APPENDIX.

BY ONE OF THE FANCY.

Αλλ' οὐδὲ ΠΥΚΤΙΚΗΣ ΠΑΕΟΝ ΜΕΤΕΧΕΙΝ τας πλεσιας επιστημη τε και εμπειρια η ΠΟΛΕΜΙΚΗΣ; Εγω, εφη.—PLATO de Rep. Lib. 4.

“ If any man doubt the significance of the language, we refer him to the third volume of Reports, set forth by the learned in the Laws of *Canting*, and published in this tongue.”—BEN JONSON.

THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME,
AND BROWN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1819.

PR 5054

T5
1819

P R E F A C E.

THE Public have already been informed, through the medium of the daily prints, that, among the distinguished visitors to the Congress lately held at Aix-la-Chapelle, were Mr. BOB GREGSON, Mr. GEORGE COOPER, and a few more illustrious brethren of THE FANCY. It had been resolved at a Grand Meeting of the Pugilistic Fraternity, that, as all the *milling* Powers of Europe were about to assemble, personally or by deputy, at Aix-la-Chapelle, it was but right that THE FANCY should have its representatives there as well as the rest, and these gentlemen were accordingly selected for

that high and honourable office. A description of this Meeting, of the speeches spoken, the resolutions, &c. &c. has been given in a letter written by one of the most eminent of the profession, which will be found in the Appendix, No. I. Mr. CRIB's Memorial, which now for the first time meets the public eye, was drawn up for the purpose of being transmitted by these gentlemen to Congress ; and, as it could not possibly be in better hands for the enforcement of every point connected with the subject, there is every reason to hope that it has made a suitable impression upon that body.

The favour into which this branch of Gymnastics, called Pugilism, (from the Greek, $\pi\upsilon\xi$, as the Author of Boxiana learnedly observes) has risen with the Public of late years, and the long season

of tranquillity which we are now promised by the new Millenarians of the Holy League, encourage us to look forward with some degree of sanguineness to an order of things, like that which PLATO and TOM CRIB have described, (the former in the motto prefixed to this work, and the latter in the interesting Memorial that follows), when the *Milling* shall succeed to the *Military* system, and THE FANCY will be the sole arbitress of the trifling disputes of mankind. From a wish to throw every possible light on the history of an Art, which is destined ere long to have such influence upon the affairs of the world, I have, for some time past, been employed in a voluminous and elaborate work, entitled “A Parallel between Ancient and Modern Pugilism,” which is now in a state of considerable forwardness, and which I hope to have ready for delivery to subscribers

on the morning of the approaching fight between Randall and Martin. Had the elegant author of *Boxiana* extended his inquiries to the *ancient* state of the art, I should not have presumed to interfere with a historian so competent. But, as his researches into antiquity have gone no farther than the *one* valuable specimen of erudition which I have given above, I feel the less hesitation

———— novos decerpere flores,
 Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
 Unde prius nulli velarint tempora Musæ.*

Lucret. Lib. 4. v. 3.

The variety of studies necessary for such a task, and the multiplicity of references which it requires, as well to the living as the dead, can only be fully appreciated by him who has had the

* To wander through THE FANCY's bowers,
 To gather new, unheard-of flowers,
 And wreath such garlands for my brow,
 As Poet never wreathed till now!

patience to perform it. Alternately studying in the Museum and the Fives Court—passing from the Academy of Plato to that of Mr. Jackson—now indulging in *Attic flashes* with Aristophanes, and now studying *Flash* in the *Attics of Cock Court**—between so many and such various associations has my mind been divided during the task, that sometimes, in my bewilderment, I have confounded Ancients and Moderns together,—mistaken the *Greek* of St. Giles's for that of Athens, and have even found myself tracing Bill Gibbons and his Bull in the “*taurum tibi, pulcher Apollo*” of Virgil. My printer, too, has been affected with similar hallucinations. The *Mil. Glorios.* of Plautus he converted, the other

*The residence of The Nonpareil, Jack Randall,—where, the day after his last great victory, he held a levee, which was attended, of course, by all the leading characters of St. Giles's.

day, into a *Glorious Mill*; and more than once, when I have referred to *Tom. prim.* or *Tom. quart.* he has substituted Tom Crib and Tom Oliver in their places. Notwithstanding all this, the work will be found, I trust, tolerably correct; and as an Analysis of its opening Chapters may not only gratify the impatience of the *Fanciful* World, but save my future reviewers some trouble, it is here given as succinctly as possible.

Chap. 1. contains some account of the ancient inventors of pugilism, Epëus and Amycus.—The early exploit of the former, in *milling* his twin-brother, *in ventre matris*, and so getting before him into the world, as related by Eustathius on the authority of Lycophron.—Amycus, a Royal Amateur of THE FANCY, who challenged to *the scratch* all strangers that landed on his shore.—

The Combat between him and Pollux, (who, to use the classic phrase, *served him out*), as described by Theocritus,* Apollonius Rhodius,† and Valerius Flaccus.‡—Respective merits of these three descriptions.—Theocritus by far the best; and altogether, perhaps, the most scientific account of a Boxing-match in all antiquity.—Apollonius ought to have done better, with such a model before him; but, evidently not *up to* the thing (whatever Scaliger may say), and his similes all *slum.*§—Valerius Flaccus, the first Latin Epic Poet after Virgil, has done ample justice to this

* Idyl. 22.

† Argonaut. Lib. 2.

‡ Lib. 4.

§ Except one, $\beta\sigma\tau\upsilon\pi\circ\varsigma \delta\alpha$, which is good, and which Fawkes, therefore, has omitted. The following couplet from his translation is, however, *fanciful* enough:—

“ So from their batter’d cheeks loud echoes sprung,
Their dash’d teeth crackled, and their jaw-bones rung.”

Set-to; the *feints*, *facers*,* and *ribbers*, all described most spiritedly.

Chap. 2. proves that the Pancratium of the ancients, as combining boxing and wrestling, was the branch of their Gymnastics that most resembled our modern Pugilism; *cross-buttocking* (or what the Greeks called ὑποσκελιζειν) being as indispensable an ingredient, as *nobbing*, *flooring*, &c. &c.—Their ideas of a *stand-up fight* very

* Emicat hic, *dextramque parat, dextramque minatur*
Tyndarides; *redit huc oculis & pondere Bebryx*
Sic ratus: ille autem celeri rapit ora sinistrā.

Lib. 4. v. 290.

We have here a *feint* and a *facer* together. The manner in which Valerius Flaccus describes the multitude of *blackguards* that usually assemble on such occasions, is highly poetical and picturesque; he supposes them to be Shades from Tartarus.—

Et pater orantes cæsorum Tartarus *umbras*
Nube cavâ tandem ad meritæ spectacula pugnæ
Emittit; summi *nigrescunt culmina montis.* v. 258.

similar to our own, as appears from the $\tauο πανειν$
 $\alphaλληλες ορθοσταδην$ of Lucian,—περι Γυμνας.

Chap. 3. examines the ancient terms of THE FANCY, as given by Pollux (*Onomast. ad fin. Lib. 3.*) and others; and compares them with the modern.—For example, $\alphaγχειν$, to *throttle*— $\lambdaυγιζειν$, evidently the origin of our word to *lug*— $\alphaγκυριζειν$, to *anchor* a fellow, (see Grose's *Greek Dictionary*, for the word *anchor*)— $\deltaρασσειν$ (perf. pass. $\deltaεδραγμαι$), from which is derived to *drag*; and whence, also, a *flash* etymologist might contrive to derive $\deltaραμα$, *drama*, Thespis having first performed in a *drag*.* This chapter will be found highly curious; and distinguished, I flatter myself, by much of that acuteness, which enabled a late illustrious Professor to discover that our

* The Flash term for a *cart*.

English “Son of a Gun” was nothing more than the Παῖς Γυνῆς (Dor.) of the Greeks.

Chap. 4. enumerates the many celebrated Boxers of antiquity.—Eryx, (grandson of the Amycus already mentioned), whom Hercules is said to have *finished* in style.—Phrynon, the Athenian General, and Autolycus, of whom, Pausanias tells us, there was a statue in the Prytaneum—The celebrated Pugilist, who, at the very moment he was expiring, had game enough to make his adversary *give in*; which interesting circumstance forms the subject of one of the Pictures of Philostratus, *Icon. Lib. 2. Imag. 6.*—and above all, that renowned Son of the Fancy, Melancomas, the favourite of the Emperor Titus, in whose praise Dio Chrysostomus has left us two

elaborate orations.*—The peculiarities of this boxer discussed—his power of standing with his arms extended, for two whole days, without any rest, (*δυναλος ην*, says Dio, *και δυο νημερας εξης μεγειν ανατελακως τας χειρας, και εκ αυ ειδεν θδεις υφενια αυτον η αναπαυσαμενον ασπερ ειωθασι.* *Orat. 28.*), by which means he wore out his adversary's *bottom*, and conquered without either *giving* or *taking*. This bloodless system of *milling*, which trusted for victory to patience alone, has afforded to the orator, Themistius, a happy illustration of the peaceful conquests which he attributes to the Emperor Valens. †

* The following words, in which Dio so decidedly prefers the art of the Boxer to that of the Soldier, would perhaps have been a still more significant motto to Mr. Crib's Memorial than that which I have chosen from Plato. *Και καθολε δε εγωγε τυτο της εν τοις πολεμοις αρετης προκρινω.*

† *Ην τις επι των προγονων των ημειερων πυκηνης αυτη, Μελαγχομενος ονομα αυτη ουδεις ουδεις πωποιε τρωσας, οδε παλαιζας, μουη*

Chap. 5. notices some curious points of similarity between the ancient and modern FANCY— Thus, Theocritus, in his Milling-match, calls Amycus “a *glutton*,” which is well known to be the classical phrase at Moulsey-Hurst, for one who, like Amycus, takes a deal of *punishment* before he is *satisfied*.

Πως γαρ δη Διος θεος ΑΔΗΦΑΓΟΝ αιδει καθιλεγεν.

In the same Idyl the poet describes the Bebrycian hero as *πληγαις μεθυων*, “drunk with blows,” which is precisely the language of our Fancy bulletins; for example, “Turner appeared as if drunk, and made a heavy lolloping hit,” &c. &c. * —The resemblance in the *manner* of fighting still more striking and important. Thus we find

τη σασι και τη των χειρων αναλασι παγιας απεκναιε της αντιπαλυς.
THEMIST. Orat. περι Ειρηνης.

* Kent's Weekly Dispatch.

CRIB's favourite system of *milling on the retreat*, which he practised so successfully in his combats with Gregson and Molyneux, adopted by Alcidas-mus, the Spartan, in the battle between him and Capaneus, so minutely and vividly described by Statius, *Thebaid*, Lib. 6.

. sed non, tamen, immemor artis,
Adversus fugit, et fugiens tamen ictibus obstat.*

And it will be only necessary to compare together two extracts from Boxiana and the Bard of Syracuse, to see how similar in their manœuvres have been the *millers* of all ages—“The Man of Colour, to prevent being *fibbed*, grasped tight hold of Carter’s hand”†—(Account of the Fight between Robinson, the Black, and Carter), which,

* Yet, not unmindful of his art, he hies,
But turns his face, and combats as he flies.

Lewis.

† A manœuvre, generally called *Tom Owen’s stop*.

(translating λιλαῖομενος, “the Lily-white,” *) is almost word for word with the following:

Ητοι δέ γε φέζει τι λιλαῖομενος μεγα εργον
Σκαιμ μεν σκαιμη Πελυδεύκεος ελλαβε χειρα.

THEOCRIT.

Chap. 6. proves, from the *jawing*-match and *Set-to* between Ulysses and the Beggar in the 18th Book of the *Odyssey*, that the ancients (notwithstanding their δικαια μαχοντων, or Laws of Combatants, which, Artemidorus says in his chap. 33. περι Μονομαχ. extended to pugilism as well as other kinds of combats) did not properly understand *fair play*; as Ulysses is here obliged to require an oath from the standers-by, that they will not *deal him a sly knock*, while he is *cleaning out* the *mumper*—

Μη τις επ' Ιρω ηγε φερων ειμε χειρι παχειμ
Πληξη αιασθαλλων, τωιω δε με iφι δαμασση.

* The *Flash* term for a negro; and also for a chimney-sweeper.

Chap. 7. describes the Cstus, and shows that the Greeks, for mere exercise or *sparring*, made use of *muffles* or *gloves* as we do, which they called $\sigma\varphi\alpha\iota\rho\alpha\iota$. This appears particularly from a passage in Plato, *de Leg. Lib. 8*, where, speaking of *training*, he says, it is only by frequent use of the gloves that a knowledge of *stopping* and *hitting* can be acquired. The whole passage is curious, as proving that the Divine Plato was not altogether a *novice* in the *Fancy lay*.*—
Kai w̄s eγγυίαλα τού ὁμοίως, αὐτὶ iμαντών ΣΦΑΙΡΑΣ αν-

* Another philosopher, Seneca, has shewn himself equally *flash* on the subject, and, in his 13th Epistle, lays it down as an axiom, that no pugilist can be considered worth any thing, till he has had his *peepers taken measure of* for a *suit of mourning*, or, in common language, has received a pair of black eyes. The whole passage is edifying:—“ Non potest athleta magnos spiritus ad certamen adferre, qui nunquam *sugillatus est*. Ille qui vidit sanguinem suum, cuius dentes crepuerunt sub pugno, ille quisupplantatus adversarium toto tulit corpore, nec projectit animum projectus, qui quoties cecidit contumacior resurrexit, cum magua spe descendit ad pugnam.”

περιεδύμεθα, ὅπως αἱ ΠΛΗΓΑΙ τε καὶ αἱ ΤΩΝ ΠΛΗΓΩΝ
ΕΥΛΑΒΕΙΑΙ διεμελεῖσθι εἰς τι δυνάτου ἵκανως.—
These *muffles* were called by the Romans *sacculi*,
as we find from Trebellius Pollio, who in describing
a triumph of Gallienus, mentions the “Pugiles
sacculis non veritate pugilantes.”

Chap. 8. advert to the pugilistic exhibitions
of the Spartan ladies, which Propertius has thus
commemorated—

Pulverulentaque ad extremos stat fœmina metas,
Et patitur duro vulnera pñcratio;
Nunc ligat ad cæstum gaudentia brachia loris, &c. &c.

Lib. 3. El. 14.

and to prove that the moderns are not behind-hand with the ancients in this respect, cites the following instance recorded in Boxiana.—“George Madox, in this battle, was seconded by his sister, Grace, who, upon its conclusion, tossed up her hat in

defiance, and offered to fight any man present”—also the memorable challenge, given in the same work (V. i. p. 300.), which passed between Mrs. Elizabeth Wilkinson of Clerkenwell, and Miss Hannah Hyfield of Newgate-Market—another proof that the English may boast many a “dolce guerriera” as well as the Greeks.

Chap. 9. contains Accounts of all the celebrated *Set-tos* of antiquity, translated from the works of the different authors that have described them,—viz. the famous Argonautic Battle, as detailed by the three poets mentioned in chap. 1.—the Fight between Epëus and Euryalus, in the 23d Book of the Iliad, and between Ulysses and Irus in the 18th Book of the Odyssey—the Combat of Dares and Entellus in the 5th *Æneid*,—of Capaneus and Alcidamus, already referred to, in Statius,

and of Achelous and Hercules in the 9th Book of the Metamorphoses ;—though this last is rather a wrestling-bout than a *mill*, resembling that between Hercules * and Antæus in the 4th Book of Lucan. The reader who is anxious to know how I have succeeded in this part of my task, will find, as a specimen, my translation from Virgil in the Appendix to the present work;

No. 2.

Chap. 10. considers the various arguments, for

* Though wrestling was evidently the favourite sport of Hercules, we find him, in the Alcestes, just returned from a *Bruising-match*; and it is a curious proof of the superior consideration in which these arts were held, that for the lighter exercises, he tells us, horses alone were the reward, while to conquerors in the higher games of pugilism and wrestling, whole herds of cattle (with sometimes a young lady into the bargain) were given as prizes.

τοισι δ' αυ τα μείζονα
Νικωσι, πυγμαν και παλην, βουφοβία
Τυνη δ' επ' αυλοις θιπε τ'. Eurip.

and against Pugilism, advanced by writers ancient and modern.—A strange instance of either ignorance or wilful falsehood in Lucian, who, in his *Anacharsis*, has represented Solon as one of the warmest advocates for Pugilism, whereas we know from Diogenes Laertius that that legislator took every possible pains to discourage and suppress it—Alexander the Great, too, tasteless enough to prohibit THE FANCY, (*Plutarch in Vit.*)—Galen in many parts of his works, but particularly in the *Hortat. ad. Art.* condemns the practice as enervating and pernicious.*—On the other side, the testimonies in its favour, numerous.—The greater

* It was remarked by the ancient physicians, that men who were in the habit of boxing and wrestling became remarkably lean and slender from the loins downward, while the upper parts of their frame acquired prodigious size and strength. I could name some pugilists of the present day, whose persons seem to warrant the truth of this observation.

number of Pindar's Nemean Odes written in praise of pugilistic champions;—and Isocrates, though he represents Alcibiades as despising the art, yet acknowledges that its professors were held in high estimation through Greece, and that those cities, where victorious pugilists were born, became illustrious from that circumstance;* just as Bristol has been rendered immortal by the production of such heroes as Tom Crib, Harry Harmer, Big Ben, Dutch Sam, &c. &c.—Ammianus Marcellinus tells us how much that religious and pugnacious Emperor, Constantius, delighted in the *Set-tos*, “pugilum† vicissim se concidentium

* Τοις τ' αθλητας ξηλεμενης, και τας πολεις ουομασας γιγνομενας των νικωνιων. Isocrat. περι του Ζευγους.—An oration written by Isocrates for the son of Alcibiades.

† Notwithstanding that the historian expressly says “pugilum,” Lipsius is so anxious to press this circumstance into his Account of the Ancient Gladiators, that he insists such an effusion of claret

perfusorumque sanguine."—To these are added still more flattering testimonies; such as that of Isidorus, who calls Pugilism "virtus," as if *par excellence*;* and the yet more enthusiastic tribute with which Eustathius reproaches the Pagans, of having enrolled their Boxers in the number of the Gods.—In short, the whole chapter is full of erudition and *vs;*—from *Lycophron* (whose very name smacks of pugilism) down to *Boxiana* and the *Weekly Dispatch*, not an author on the subject is omitted.

So much for my "Parallel between Ancient and Modern Pugilism." And now, with respect to that peculiar language, called *Flash* or *St.* could only have taken place in the gladiatorial combat. But Lip-sius never was at Moulsey Hurst. See his *Saturnal Sermon.* Lib. 1. cap. 2.

* *Origin.* Lib. 18. c. 18.

Giles's Greek, in which Mr. CRIB's Memorial and the other articles in the present volume are written, I beg to trouble the reader with a few observations. As this expressive language was originally invented, and is still used, like the cipher of the diplomatists, for purposes of secrecy, and as a means of eluding the vigilance of a certain class of persons, called, *flashicè, Traps*, or in common language, Bow-street-Officers, it is subject of course to continual change, and is perpetually either altering the meaning of old words, or adding new ones, according as the great object, secrecy, renders it prudent to have recourse to such innovations. In this respect, also, it resembles the cryptography of kings and ambassadors, who by a continual change of cipher contrive to baffle the inquisitiveness of the *enemy*. But, notwithstanding the Protean nature of the

Flash or *Cant* language, the greater part of its vocabulary has remained unchanged for centuries, and many of the words used by the Canting Beggars in Beaumont and Fletcher,* and the Gipsies in Ben Jonson's *Masque*,† are still to be heard among the *Gnostics* of Dyot-street and Tothill-fields. To *prig* is still to steal; ‡ to *fib*, to beat; *lour*, money; *duds*, clothes; § *prancers*,

* In their amusing comedy of “The Beggar's Bush.”

† The *Masque of the Gipsies* Metamorphosed.—The Gipsy language, indeed, with the exception of such terms as relate to their own peculiar customs, differs but little from the regular Flash; as may be seen by consulting the Vocabulary, subjoined to the Life of Bainfylde-Moor Carew.

‡ See the third Chapter, 1st Book of the History of Jonathan Wild, for “an undeniable testimony of the great antiquity of *Priggism*.”

§ An *angler* for *duds* is thus described by Dekker. “He carries a short staff in his hand, which is called a *filch*, having in the *nab* or head of it a *ferme* (that is to say a hole) into which, upon any piece of service, when he goes a *filching*, he putteth a hooke of iron, with which hooke he angles at a window in the dead of

horses ; *bouzing-ken*, an alehouse; *cove*, a fellow; a *sow's baby*, a pig, &c. &c. There are also several instances of the same term, preserved with a totally different signification. Thus, to *mill*, which was originally “to rob,”* is now “to beat or fight ;” and the word *rum*, which in Ben Jonson’s time, and even so late as Grose, meant *fine* and *good*, is now generally used for the very opposite qualities ; as, “he’s but a *rum* one,” &c. Most of the Cant phrases in Head’s English Rogue, which was published, I believe, in 1666, would be intelligible to a *Greek* of the present day ; though it must be confessed that the Songs which both he and Dekker have given would

night for shirts, smockes, or any other linen or woollen.” English Villanies.

* “Can they *cant* or *mill*? are they masters in their art?”—Ben Jonson. To *mill*, however, sometimes signified “to kill.” Thus, to *mill a bleating cheat*, i. e. to kill a sheep.

puzzle even that “*Graiae gentis decus,*” Caleb Baldwin, himself. For instance, one of the simplest begins,

Bing out, bien Morts, and toure and toure,
Bing out, bien Morts, and toure;
For all your duds are bing'd awast;
The bien Cove hath the loure.

To the cultivation, in our times, of the science of Pugilism, the *Flash Language* is indebted for a considerable addition to its treasures. Indeed, so impossible is it to describe the operations of THE FANCY without words of proportionate energy to do justice to the subject, that we find Pope and Cowper, in their translation of the *Set-to* in the Iliad, pressing words into the service which had seldom, I think, if ever, been enlisted into the ranks of poetry before. Thus Pope,

Secure this hand shall his whole frame confound,
Mash all his bones and all his body *pound*.

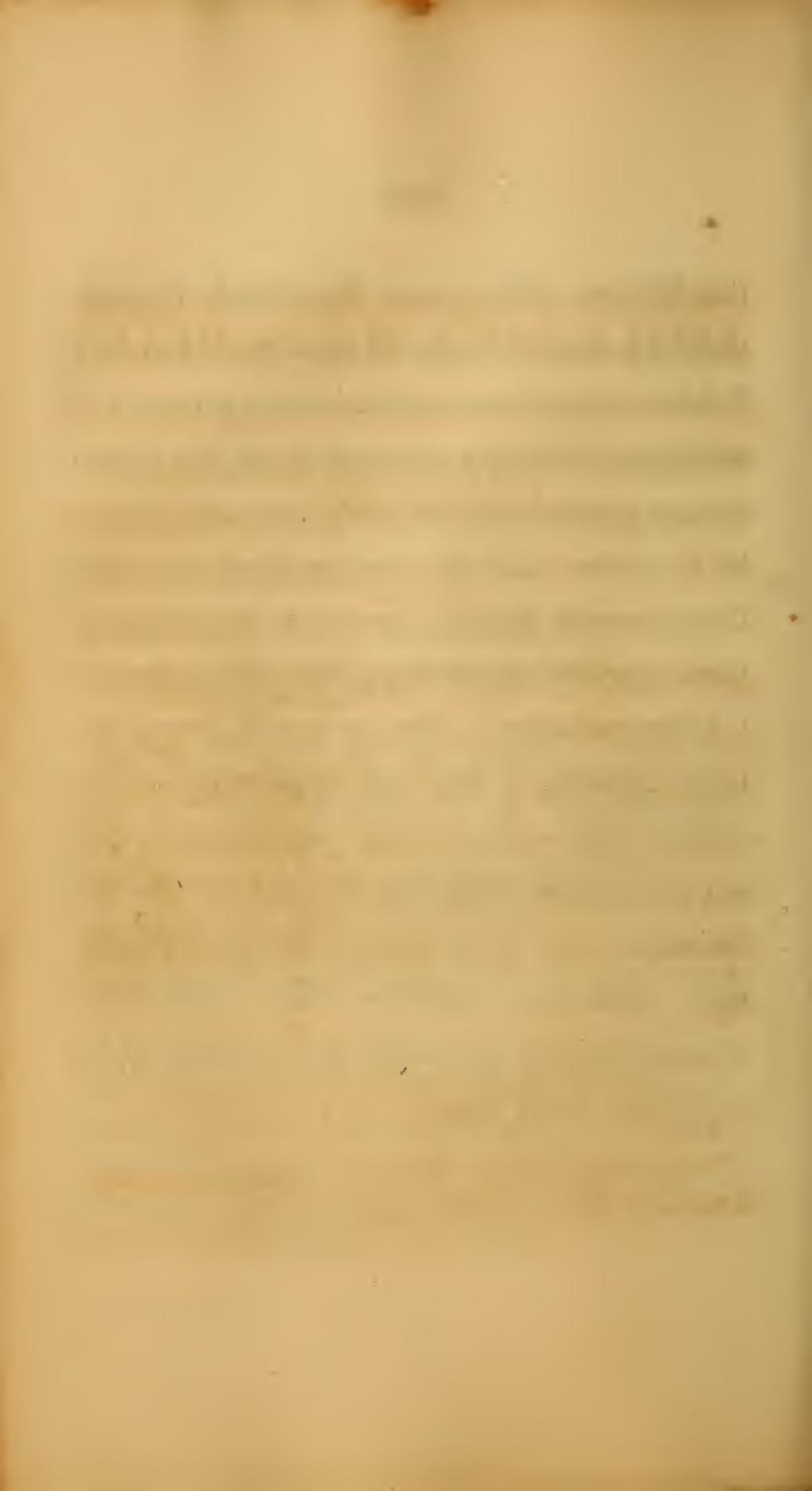
Cowper, in the same manner, translates $\kappa\omega\psi\epsilon\delta\varepsilon$ $\pi\alpha\rho\gamma\iota\sigma\nu$, “*pash'd him on the cheek* ;” and, in describing the wrestling-match, makes use of a term, now more properly applied to a peculiar kind of blow,* of which Mendoza is supposed to have been the inventor.

Then his wiles
Forgat not he, but on the ham behind
Chopp'd him.

Before I conclude this Preface, which has already I fear extended to an unconscionable length, I cannot help expressing my regret at the selection which Mr. CRIB has made, of *one* of the Combatants introduced into the imaginary *Set-to*

* “A *chopper* is a blow, struck on the face with the back of the hand. Mendoza claims the honour of its invention, but unjustly; he certainly revived, and considerably improved it. It was practised long before our time—Broughton occasionally used it; and Slack, it also appears, struck the *chopper* in giving the return in many of his battles.”—*Boxiana*, v. 2. p. 20.

that follows. That person has already been exhibited, perhaps, “usque *ad nauseam*,” before the Public; and, without entering into the propriety of meddling with such a personage at all, it is certain that, as a mere matter of *taste*, he ought now to be let alone. All that can be alleged for Mr. CRIB is—what Rabelais has said in defending the moral notions of another kind of cattle—he “knows no better.” But for myself, in my editorial capacity, I take this opportunity of declaring, that, as far as *I* am concerned, the person in question shall henceforward be safe and inviolate; and, as the Covent-Garden Managers said, when they withdrew their much-hissed Elephant, *this is positively the last time of his appearing on the Stage.*



TOM CRIB'S MEMORIAL

TO
CONGRESS.

MOST Holy, and High, and Legitimate *squad*,
First *Swells** of the world, since *Boney's in quod*, †
Who have ev'rything now, as *Bill Gibbons* would say,
“Like the bull in the china shop, all your own way”—
Whatsoever employs your magnificent *nobs*, ‡
Whether *diddling* your subjects, and *gutting* their
fobs,—§

* *Swell*, a great man.

† In prison. The *dab's* in *quod*; the rogue is in prison.

‡ Heads.

§ Taking out the contents. Thus *gutting* a quart pot, (or *taking out the lining* of it) i. e. drinking it off.

(While you *hum* the poor *spoonies** with speeches,
so pretty,
'Bout Freedom, and Order, and—all my eye, *Betty*)
Whether praying, or dressing, or *dancing* the *hays*,
Or *lapping* your *congo*† at Lord C—STL—R—GH's,—‡
(While his Lordship, as usual, that very great *dab* §
At the flowers of *rhet'ric*, is *flashing* his *gab* ||)
Or holding State Dinners, to talk of the weather,
And cut up your mutton and Europe together!
Whatever your *gammon*, whatever your talk,
Oh deign, ye illustrious *Cocks of the Walk*,
To attend for a moment,—and if the Fine Arts
Of *fibbing* ¶ and *boring* ¶ be dear to your hearts;

* Simpletons, alias *Innocents*.

† Drinking your tea.

‡ See the Appendix, No. 3.

§ An adept.

|| Showing off his talk.—Better expressed, perhaps, by a late wit, who, upon being asked what was going on in the House of Commons, answered, “only Lord C., airing his vocabulary.”

¶ All terms of the Fancy, and familiar to those who read the Transactions of the Pugilistic Society.

If to *level*, ¶ to *punish*, ¶ to *ruffian* ¶ mankind, }
 And to *darken* their *daylights*, * be pleasures refin'd }
 (As they *must* be) for every Legitimate mind,— }
 Oh listen to one, who, both able and willing
 To spread through creation the myst'ries of *milling*,
 (And, as to whose politics, search the world round,
 Not a sturdier *Pit-tite* † e'er liv'd—under ground)
 Has thought of a plan, which—excuse his pre-
 sumption—
 He hereby submits to your Royal *rumgumption*. ‡

It being now settled that emp'rors and kings,
 Like kites made of *foolscap*, are *high-flying* things,
 To whose tails a few millions of subjects, or so, }
 Have been tied in a string, to be whisk'd to and fro, }
 Just wherever it suits the said *foolscap* to go— }

* To close up their eyes—alias, to *sow up* their *sees*.

† TOM received his first education in a Coal Pit; from whence he has been honoured with the name of “the Black Diamond.”

‡ *Gumption* or *Rumgumption*, comprehension, capacity.

This being all settled, and Freedom all *gammon*, *
 And nought but your Honours worth wasting a
 d—n on;

While snug and secure you may now *run* your *rigs*, †
 Without fear that old Boney will *bother* your *gigs*—
 As your Honours, too, bless you! though all *of a*
trade,

Yet agreeing like *new ones*, have lately been made
 Special constables o'er us, for keeping the peace,—
 Let us hope now that wars and *rumbustions* will cease;
 That soldiers and guns, like “the Dev'l and his works,”
 Will henceforward be left to Jews, Negers, and
 Turks;

Till *Brown Bess* ‡ shall soon, like Miss Tabitha Fusty,
 For want of a *spark* to *go off with*, grow rusty,

* Nonsense or humbug.

† Play your tricks.

‡ A soldier's fire-lock.

And *lobsters** will lie such a drug upon hand,
 That our *do-nothing* Captains must all get *japann'd*! †
My eyes, how delightful!—the rabble well *gagg'd*,
 The *Swells* in *high feather*, and old Boney *lagg'd*! ‡

But, though we must hope for such good times as these,
 Yet as something *may* happen to *kick up a breeze*—
 Some quarrel, reserv'd for your own *private picking*—
 Some grudge, even now in your great gizzards
 sticking—

(God knows about what—about money, mayhap,
 Or the Papists, or Dutch, or that *Kid*, § Master Nap.)

* Soldiers, from the colour of their clothes. “*To boil one's lobster* means for a churchman to turn soldier; lobsters, which are of a bluish black, being made red by boiling.”—*Grose*. Butler's ingenious simile will occur to the reader:—

When, like a lobster boiled, the Morn
 From black to red began to turn.

† Ordained—i. e. become clergymen.

‡ Transported.

§ Child.—Hence our useful word, kidnapper—to *nab* a *kid* being to steal a child. Indeed, we need but recollect the many ex-

And, setting in case there should come such a *rumpus*,
 As some mode of settling the *chat* we must compass,
 With which the *tag-rag** will have nothing to do—
 What think you, great *Swells*, of a ROYAL SET-TO?†
 A *Ring* and fair *fist-work* at Aix-la-Chapelle,
 Or at old Moulsey-Hurst, if you likes it as well—
 And that all may be *fair* as to *wind*, *weight*, and
science,

I'll answer to train the whole HOLY ALLIANCE!

Just think, please your Majesties, how you'd prefer it
 To *mills* such as Waterloo, where all the merit
 To vulgar, red-coated *rapscallions* must fall,
 Who have no Right Divine to have merit at all !

cellent and necessary words to which Johnson has affixed the stigma of “cant term,” to be aware how considerably the English language has been enriched by the contributions of the Flash fraternity.

* The common people, the mobility.

† A boxing-match.

How much more select your own quiet *Set-tos*!—
 And how vastly genteeler 'twill sound in the news,
(Kent's Weekly Dispatch, that beats all others hollow
 For *Fancy* transactions) in terms such as follow:—

ACCOUNT OF THE GRAND SET-TO BETWEEN LONG
 SANDY AND GEORGY THE PORPUS.

LAST Tuesday, at Moulsey, the Balance of Power
 Was settled by twelve *Tightish* Rounds, in an hour—
 The *Buffers*,* both “Boys of the *Holy Ground*,”—†
 LONG SANDY, by name of *the Bear* much renown’d,
 And GEORGY the *Porpus*, a prime *glutton* reckon’d—
 Old *thingummee Pottso* ‡ was LONG SANDY’s second,

* Boxers—Irish cant.

† The hitch in the metre here was rendered necessary by the quotation, which is from a celebrated *Fancy chant*, ending, every verse, thus:—

For we are the Boys of the *Holy Ground*,
 And we’ll dance upon nothing, and turn us round!

It is almost needless to add that the *Holy Ground*, or *Land*, is a well-known region of St. Giles’s.

‡ TOM means, I presume, the celebrated diplomatist, Pozzo di

And GEORGY's was *Pat C—STL—R—GH*,—he, who
lives

At the sign of *the King's Arms a-kimbo*, and gives
His *small* beer about, with the air of a *chap*
Who believed it himself a prodigious *strong tap*.

This being the first true Legitimate *Match*
Since TOM took to *training* these *Swells* for the *scratch*,
Every *lover of life*, that had *rhino* to spare,
From sly little Moses to B—R—G, was there.
Never since the renown'd days of BROUGHTON and

FIGG *

Was the *Fanciful World* in such very *prime twig*—†
And long before daylight, gigs, *rattlers* ‡, and *prads* §,
Were in motion for Moulsey, brimful of the *Lads*.

Borgo.—The Irish used to claim the dancer Didelot as their countryman, insisting that the O had slipped out of its right place, and that his real name was Mr. O'Diddle. On the same principle they will, perhaps, assert their right to M. Pozzo.

* The chief founders of the modern school of pugilism.

† High spirits or condition. ‡ Coaches. § Horses.

Jack ELD—N, Old SID, and some more, had come
down

On the evening before, and put up at *The Crown*,—
Their old favourite sign, where themselves and their
brothers

Get *grub** at cheap rate, though it *fleeces* all others ;
Nor matters it how we, plebeians, condemn,
As *The Crown* 's always sure of its *license* from them.

'Twas diverting to see, as one *ogled* around,
How *Corinthians*† and *Commoners* mixed on the
ground.

Here M—NTR—SE and an Israelite met face to face,
The Duke, a place-hunter, the Jew, from Duke's Place ;
While Nicky V—NS—T, not caring to roam,
Got among the *white-bag-men*,‡ and felt quite *at home*.

* Victuals.

† Men of rank—vide *Boxiana, passim*.

‡ Pick-pockets.

Here stood in a corner, well screen'd from the weather,
Old SID and the great Doctor EADY together,
Both fam'd *on the walls*—with a d—n, in addition,
Prefix'd to the name of the *former* Physician.

Here C—MD—N, who never till now was suspected
Of *Fancy*, or ought that is therewith connected,
Got close to a *dealer in donkies*, who eyed him,
Jack Scroggins remark'd, “just as if he'd have
buy'd him ;”

While poor *Bogy B—ck—gh—m* well might look
pale,

As there stood a great *Rat-catcher* close to his tail !

'Mong the vehicles, too, which were many and
various,

From *natty barouche* down to *buggy precarious*,
We *twigg'd* more than one queerish sort of *turn-out* ;—
C—NN—G came in a *job*, and then canter'd about

11

On a showy, but hot and unsound, *bit of blood*, }
 (For a *leader* once meant, but cast off, as no good) }
 Looking round, to secure a *snug place* if he could:— }
 While ELD—N, long doubting between a *grey* nag
 And a *white* one to mount, took his stand in a *drag*.*

At a quarter past ten, by Pat C—TL—R—GH's
tattler, †

CRIB came on the ground, in a four-in-hand *rattler*;
 (For TOM, since he took to these Holy Allies,
 Is as *tip-top* a *beau* as all Bond Street supplies.)
 And, on seeing the CHAMPION, loud cries of "Fight,
 fight,"

"Ring, ring," "Whip the Gemmen," were heard
 left and right.

* A cart or waggon.

† A watch.

But the *kids*, though impatient, were doomed to delay,

As the Old P. C.* ropes (which are now mark'd H. A.)†

Being hack'd in the service, it seems had giv'n way;

And as rope is an article much *up* in price

Since the Bank took to hanging, the lads had to splice.

At length, the two *Swells*, having entered the Ring
To the tune *the cow died of*, called “God save the King,”

Each threw up his *castor*‡ 'mid general huzzas—
And, if *dressing* would do, never yet, since the days
When HUMPHRIES stood up to the Israelite's thumps,
In gold-spangled stockings and *touch-me-not* pumps,§

* The ropes and stakes used at the prize fights, being the property of the Pugilistic Club, are marked with the initials P. C.

† For “Holy Alliance.”

‡ Hat.

§ “The fine manly form of Humphries was seen to great ad-

Has there any thing equall'd the *sal-lals* and tricks
 That bedizen'd old GEORGY's *bang-up tog and kicks!**
 Having first shaken *daddles*† (to show, JACKSON said,
 It was “*pro bono Pimlico* ‡” chiefly they bled)
 Both *peel'd* §—but, on laying his *Dandy-belt* by,
 Old GEORGY *went floush*, and his *backers* look'd *shy*;

vantage; he had on a pair of fine flannel drawers, white silk stockings, the clocks of which were spangled with gold, and pumps tied with ribbon.”—(Account of the First Battle between Humphries and Mendoza.)—The epistle which Humphries wrote to a friend, communicating the result of this fight, is worthy of a Lacedæmonian.—“Sir, I have *done* the Jew, and am in good health. Rich. Humphries.”

* *Tog and kicks, coat and breeches.*—*Tog* is one of the cant words, which Dekker cites, as “ retaining a certain salt and tasting of some wit and learning,” being derived from the Latin, *toga*.

† *Hands.*

‡ Mr. Jackson's residence is in Pimlico.—This gentleman (as he well deserves to be called, from the correctness of his conduct and the peculiar urbanity of his manners) forms that useful link between the amateurs and the professors of pugilism, which, when broken, it will be difficult, if not wholly impossible, to replace.

§ *Stripped.*

For they saw, notwithstanding CRIB's honest endeavour

To train down the *crummy*,* 'twas monstrous as ever!

Not so with LONG SANDY—*prime meat* every inch—
Which, of course, made the *Gnostics*† on t'other
side flinch;

And BOB W—Ls—N from Southwark, the *gamest*
chap there,

Was now heard to *sing out*, “Ten to one on the Bear!”

FIRST ROUND. Very cautious—the *kiddies* both
sparr'd

As if *shy* of the *scratch*—while the Porpus kept guard
O'er his beautiful *mug*,‡ as if fearing to hazard
One *damaging* touch in so dandy a *mazzard*.

Which t'other observing *put in* his ONE-TWO §
Between GEORGY's left ribs, with a knuckle so true,

* Fat. † Knowing ones. ‡ Face.

§ Two blows succeeding each other rapidly.—Thus (speaking of Randall) “his ONE-TWO are put in with the sharpness of lightning.”

That had his heart lain *in the right place*, no doubt
 But the Bear's *double-knock* would have rummag'd
 it out—

As it was, Master GEORGY came *souse* with the whack,
 And there sprawl'd, like a turtle turn'd *queer* on its
 back.

SECOND ROUND. Rather sprightly—the Bear, in
high gig,

Took a fancy to *flirt with* the Porpus's wig ;
 And, had it been either a loose tye or *bob*,
 He'd have *claw'd* it *clean off*, but 'twas glued to his
nob.

So he *tipp'd* him a *settler* they call “a Spoil-Dandy”
 Full plump in the whisker.—*High betting on Sandy.*

THIRD ROUND. Somewhat slack—GEORGY tried to
make play,

But his own *victualling-office** stood much in the way;

* The stomach or paunch.

While SANDY's long arms—long enough for a *douse*
 All the way from Kamschatka to Johnny Groat's
 House—

Kept *paddling* about the poor Porpus's *muns*,*
 Till they made him as *hot* and as *cross* as *Lent buns*!†

FOURTH ROUND. GEORGY's *backers* look'd blank
 at the lad,

When they saw what a *rum knack* of *shifting*‡ he
 had—

An old *trick of his youth*—but the Bear, *up to slum*,§
 Follow'd close on my gentleman, kneading his *crum*
 As expertly as any *Dead Man*|| about town,
 All the way to the ropes—where, as GEORGY went
 down,

* Mouth.

† Hot cross buns.

‡ “Some have censured shifting as an unmanly custom.”—Boxiana.

§ Humbug or *gammon*.

|| *Dead men* are Bakers—so called from the loaves falsely

SANDY *tipp'd* him a dose of that kind, that, when *taken*,
It is n't the *stuff*, but the *patient* that's *shaken*.

FIFTH ROUND. GEORGY tried for his *customer's*
head—

(The part of LONG SANDY, that's *softest*, 'tis said;
And the chat is that NAP, when he had him in tow,
Found his *knowledge-box** always the first thing to
go)—

charged to their master's customers.—The following is from an Account of the Battle fought by Nosworthy, the Baker, with Martin the Jew.

“First round. Nosworthy, on the alert, planted a tremendous hit on Martin's mouth, which not only drawed forth a profusion of claret, but he went down.—Loud shouting from the *Dead Men!*”

“Second round. Nosworthy began to serve the Jew in style, and his hits told most tremendously. Martin made a good round of it, but fell rather distressed. The *Dead Men* now opened their mouths wide, and loudly offered six to four on the *Master of the Rolls.*”

* The head.

*Neat milling this Round—what with clouts on the nob,
Home hits in the bread-basket,* clicks in the gob,†
And plumps in the daylights,‡ a prettier treat
Between two Johnny Raws§ 'tis not easy to meet.*

SIXTH ROUND. GEORGY's friends in high flourish,
and hopes;

JACK ELD—N, with others, came close to the ropes—
And when GEORGY, one time, got the head of the Bear
Into Chancery,|| ELD—N sung out “KEEP him there;”
But the cull broke away, as he would from *Lob's*
pound,¶

And after a *rum* sort of *ruffianing* Round
Like cronies they hugg'd, and came smack to the
ground;

* The stomach. † The mouth. ‡ The eyes. § Novices.

|| Getting the head under the arm, for the purpose of fibbing.

¶ A prison.—See Dr. Grey's explanation of this phrase in his notes upon Hudibras.

Poor SANDY the undermost, smothered and spread
 Like a German, tuck'd under his huge feather bed!*
 All pitied the *patient*—and loud exclamations,
 “*My eyes!*” and “*my wig!*” spoke the general
 sensations—

’Twas thought SANDY’s soul was squeezed out of his
corpus,
 So heavy the crush.—*Two to one on the Porpus!*

Nota bene.—’Twas curious to see all the pigeons
 Sent off by Jews, Flashmen, and *other* religions,
 To *office*,† with all due dispatch, through the air,
 To the *Bulls* of the Alley the fate of the Bear—

* The Germans sleep between two beds; and it is related that an Irish traveller, upon finding a feather bed thus laid over him, took it into his head that the people slept in *strata*, one upon the other, and said to the attendant, “will you be good enough to tell the gentleman or lady, that is to lie over me, to make haste, as I want to go asleep?”

† To signify by letter.

(For in these *Fancy* times, 'tis your *hits* in the *mans*
 And your *choppers*, and *floorers*, that govern the Funds)
 And Consols, which had been all day *shy* enough,
 When 'twas known in the Alley that *Old Blue*
and Buff
 Had been down on the Bear, rose at once—*up to*
*snuff!** }

SEVENTH ROUND. Though *hot-press'd*, and as flat
 as a crumpet,

LONG SANDY show'd *game* again, scorning to *rump* it ;
 And, fixing his eye on the Porpus's *snout*,†
 Which he knew that Adonis felt *peery* ‡ about,
 By a *feint*, truly elegant, tipp'd him a *punch* in
 The critical place, where he *cupboards* his luncheon,
 Which knock'd all the rich Curaçoa into *cruds*,
 And *doubled* him *up*, like a bag of old *duds* ! §

* This phrase, denoting *elevation* of various kinds, is often rendered more emphatic by such adjuncts as “ *Up to snuff and two-penny.*”—“ *Up to snuff, and a pinch above it,*” &c. &c.

† Nose.

‡ Suspicious.

§ Clothes.

There he lay, almost *frummagem'd**—every one said
 'Twas all *Dicky with GEORGY*, his *mug* hung so dead:
 And 'twas only by calling “your wife, Sir, your wife!”
 (As a man would cry “fire!”) they could start him
 to life.

Up he rose in a *funk*,† *lapp'd a toothful* of brandy,
 And *to it again*.—*Any odds upon SANDY*.

EIGHTH ROUND. SANDY work'd like a first-rate
demolisher:

Bear as he is, yet his *lick* is no *polisher*;
 And, take him at *ruffianing* work, (though, in com-
 mon, he

Hums about Peace and *all that*, like a *Domine*‡)

* Choaked.

† Fright.

‡ A Parson.—Thus in that truly classical song, the Christening
 of Little Joey:

“ When *Domine* had nam'd the *Kid*
 Then home again they *pik'd* it;
 A *flash of lightning* was prepared
 For every one that lik'd it.”

SANDY's the boy, if once to it they fall,
 That will *play up old gooseberry* soon with them all.
 This Round was but short—after humouring awhile,
 He proceeded to *serve an ejectment*, in style,
 Upon GEORGY's front *grinders**, which *damag'd*
 his smile } }

So completely, that bets ran a hundred to ten
 The Adonis would ne'er *flash his ivory*† again—
 And 'twas pretty to see him *roll'd* round with the
 shock,

Like a cask of fresh blubber in old Greenland Dock!

NINTH ROUND. One of GEORGY's bright *ogles* ‡
 was put

On the *bankruptcy list*, with its shop-windows *shut*;
 While the *other* soon made quite as *tag-rag* a show,
 All *rimm'd* round with *black*, like the *Courier* in *woe*!

* Teeth.

† Show his teeth.

‡ Eyes.

Much alarm was now seen 'mong the Israelite *Kids*,
 And B—R—G,—the *devil's own boy* for the *quids*,*—
 Dispatch'd off a pigeon (the species, no doubt,
 That they call B—R—G's *stock-dove*) with word
 "to sell out."

From this to the finish, 'twas all *fiddle faddle*—
 Poor *GEORGY*, at last, could scarce hold up his *daddle*—
 With *grinders* dislodg'd, and with *peepers* both
poach'd, †
 'Twas not till the Tenth Round his *claret*‡ was *broach'd*:
 As the *cellarage* lay so deep down in the fat,
 Like his old M——a's purse, 'twas curs'd hard to
 get at.

But a *pelt* in the *smellers*§ (too pretty to shun,
 If the lad even *could*) set it going *like fun*;

* Money.

† French cant; *Les yeux pochés au beurre noir*.—See the *Dictionnaire Comique*.

‡ Blood.

§ The nose.

And this being the first Royal *Claret* let flow,
 Since Tom took the Holy Alliance *in tow*,
 The uncorking produced much sensation about,
 As bets had been flush on the first *painted snout*.
Nota bene.—A note was wing'd off to the *Square*
 Just to hint of this awful phlebotomy there ;—
Bob Gregson, whose wit at such things is exceeding,*
 Inclosing a large sprig of “ *Love lies a bleeding!*”

In short, not to dwell on each *facer* and *fall*,
 Poor GEORGY was *done up* in no time at all, }
 And his *spunkiest* backers were forc'd to *sing small*.† }
 In vain did they try to *fig up* the old lad,
 ’Twas like using *persuaders* ‡ upon a dead *prud*; §
 In vain || *Bogy B—ck—gh—m* fondly besought him,
 To show like himself, if not *game*, at least *bottom*;

* Some specimens of Mr. Gregson's lyrical talents are given in the Appendix, No. 4.

† To be humbled or abashed. ‡ Spurs. § Horse.

|| For the meaning of this term, see *Grose*.

While M—RL—Y, that *very* great Count, stood deploring

He had n't taught GEORGY his new modes of *boring* :*

All useless—no art can *transmogrify* truth—

It was plain the *conceit* was *mill'd out* of the youth.

In the Twelfth and Last Round SANDY fetch'd him
a *downer*,

That left him all's one as *cold meat* for the *Crown'er*;†

On which the whole Populace *flash'd* the *white grin*

Like a basket of chips, and poor GEORGY gave in :‡

While the fiddlers (old POTTS having *tipp'd* them a
bandy) §

Play'd “Green grow the *rushes*,”|| in honour of SANDY!

* “ The ponderosity of Crib, when in close quarters with his opponent, evidently *bored* in upon him, &c.”

† The Coroner.

‡ The *ancient* Greeks had a phrase of similar structure, *ενδιδωμι*, *cedo*.

§ A *bandy* or *cripple*, a sixpence; “ that piece being commonly much bent and distorted.”—Grose.

|| The well-known compliment paid to the Emperor of all the *Russias* by some Irish musicians.

NOW, what say your Majesties?—is n't this *prime*?
Was there ever French Bulletin half so sublime?
Or could old NAP himself, in his glory,* have wish'd
To show up a fat Gemman more handsomely *dish'd*?—
Oh, bless your great hearts, let them say what they will,
Nothing 's half so genteel as a *regular Mill*;
And, for settling of balances, all I know is
'Tis the way CALEB BALDWIN prefers settling his.†
As for *backers*, you've lots of *Big-wigs* about Court,
That will back you—the raff being tired of that sport,—

* See Appendix, No. 5.

† A trifling instance of which is recorded in Boxiana. “A fracas occurred between Caleb Baldwin and the keepers of the gate. The latter, not immediately recognizing the veteran of the ring, refused his vehicle admittance, without the usual tip; but Caleb, finding argufying the topic would not do, instead of paying them in the new coinage, dealt out another sort of currency, and although destitute of the W. W. P. it had such an instantaneous effect upon the Johnny Raws, that the gate flew open, and Caleb rode through in triumph.”

And if *quids* should be wanting, to make the match
good,

There 's B—R—NG, the Prince of *Rag Rhino*, who
stood

(T'other day, you know) bail for the *seedy** Right
Liners;

Who knows but, if coax'd, he may *shell out* the
shiners? †

The *shiners*! Lord, Lord, what a *bounce* do I say!

As if we could hope to have *rags* done away,

Or see *any* thing *shining*, while VAN has the sway!

As to *training*, a Court 's but a *rum* sort of station
To choose for that sober and chaste operation ‡ ;

* Poor.

† Produce the guineas.

‡ The extreme rigour, in these respects, of the ancient system of training may be inferred from the instances mentioned by Ælian. Not only pugilists, but even players on the harp, were, during the time of their probation, *συγστας αμαθεις και απειροι*. De Animal. Lib. 6. cap. 1.

For, as old IKEY PIG* said of Courts, “ by de heavens,

Dey’re all, but the *Fives* Court, at *sixes* and *sevens*. ”

What with *snoozing*,† high *grubbing*, ‡ and *guzzling*
like Cloe,

Your Majesties, pardon me, all get so *doughy*,
 That take the whole *kit*, down from SANDY the Bear
 To him who makes *duds* for the Virgin to wear,
 I’d choose but JACK SCROGGINS, and feel disappointed
 If JACK didn’t *tell out* the whole Lord’s Anointed !

But, barring these nat’ral defects, (which, I feel,
 My remarking on thus may be thought *ungenteel*)
 And allowing for delicate *fams*,§ which have merely
 Been handling the sceptre, and *that*, too, but *queerly*,

* A Jew, so nick-named—one of the *Big ones*. He was beaten by Crib on Blackheath, in the year 1805.

† Sleeping.

‡ Feeding.

§ *Fams* or *fambles*, hands.

I'm not without hopes, and would stand a tight bet,
 That I'll make something *game* of your Majesties yet.
 So, say but the word—if you're *up* to the freak,
 Let us have a prime *match* of it, *Greek* against *Greek*, }
 And I'll put you on *beef-steaks* and *sweating* next }
 week— }

While, for teaching you every perfection, that throws a
 Renown upon *milling*—the *tact* of MENDOZA—
 The charm, by which HUMPHRIES* contriv'd to infuse
 The *three Graces* themselves into all his *One-Two's*—
 The *nobbers* of JOHNSON†—BIG BEN's‡ *bangings*
brain-blows—

The *weaving* of SAM, § that turn'd faces to rainbows—

* Humphries was called “The Gentleman Boxer.” He was (says the author of Boxiana) remarkably graceful, and his attitudes were of the most elegant and impressive nature.

† Tom Johnson, who, till his fight with Big Ben, was hailed as the Champion of England.

‡ Ben Brain, alias Big Ben, wore the honours of the Championship till his death.

§ Dutch Sam, a hero, of whom all the lovers of the Fancy speak,

Old CORCORAN's *click*,* that laid *customers* flat—
PADDY RYAN from Dublin's* renown'd “coup de
Pat ;”
And MY OWN *improv'd* method of *tickling a rib*,
You may always command

Your devoted

TOM CRIE.

as the Swedes do of Charles the Twelfth, with tears in their eyes.

* Celebrated Irish pugilists.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

No. 1.

Account of a Grand Pugilistic Meeting, held at Belcher's, (Castle Tavern, Holborn) TOM CRIB in the Chair, to take into consideration the propriety of sending Representatives of the Fancy to Congress.— Extracted from a letter written on the occasion by Harry Harmer the Hammerer, to Ned Painter.*

ΑΛΛ' οδεις το ΚΑΝ
Δειψει, ξως αγ
Τον ηχωδεα ακαση ΤΩΜ. †

* * * * *

LAST Friday night a *bang-up* set
Of *milling blades* at BELCHER's met;

* So called in his double capacity of *Boxer* and *Coppersmith*.

† The passage in Pindar, from which the following lines of
“Hark, the merry Christ Church Bells” are evidently borrowed.

The devil a man
Will leave his can,
Till he hears the *Mighty Tom*.

All high-bred Heroes of *the Ring*,
 Whose very *gammon* would delight one ;
 Who, nurs'd beneath *The Fancy's* wing,
 Show all her *feathers*—but the *white one*.

Brave TOM, the CHAMPION, with an air
 Almost *Corinthian*, * took the Chair ;
 And kept the Coves † in quiet tune,
 By shewing such a *fist* of mutton
 As, on a Point of Order, soon
 Would *take the shine* from Speaker SUTTON.
 And all the lads look'd gay and bright,
 And *gin* and *genius* flash'd about,
 And whosoe'er grew unpolite,
 The well-bred CHAMPION serv'd him out.

* i.e. With the air, almost, of a man of rank and fashion. Indeed, according to Horace's notions of a *peerage*, TOM's claims to it are indisputable.

— illum superare pugnis
Nobilem.

† Fellows.

As we'd been summon'd thus, to quaff
 Our *Deady** o'er some State Affairs,
 Of course we mix'd not with the *raff*,
 But had the *Sunday room*, up stairs.
 And when we well had *sluic'd* our *gobs*, †
 'Till all were in *prime twig* for *chatter*,
 Tom rose, and to our learned *nobs*
 Propounded thus th' important matter :—

“ *Gemmen*,” says he—Tom's words, you know,
 Come, like his *hitting*, strong but slow—
 “ Seeing as how those *Swells*, that made
 “ Old Boney quit the *hammering* trade,
 “ (All Prime Ones in their own conceit,)
 “ Will shortly at THE CONGRESS meet—
 “ (Some place that's like THE FINISH ‡, lads,
 “ Where all your high pedestrian *pads*,

* Deady's gin, otherwise, Deady's *brilliant stark naked*.
 † Had drunk heartily.
 ‡ A public-house in Covent-Garden, memorable as one of the

“ That have been *up* and *out* all night,
 “ *Running* their *rigs* among the *rattlers*,*
 “ At morning meet, and,—*honour bright*,—
 “ Agree to share the *blunt* and *tatlers*!) †
 “ Seeing as how, I say, these *Swells*
 “ Are soon to meet, by special summons,
 “ To chime together, like “ *hell's bells*,”
 “ And laugh at all mankind, as *rum ones*—
 “ I see no reason, when such things
 “ Are going on among these Kings,
 “ Why *We*, who're of the *Fancy lay*,‡
 “ As *dead hands* at a *mill* as they,

places, where the Gentlemen Depredators of the night (the Holy League of the Road) meet, early in the morning, for the purpose of sharing the spoil, and arranging other matters connected with their most Christian Alliance.

* Robbing travellers in chaises, &c.

† The money and watches.

‡ Particular pursuit or enterprize. Thus, “ he is on the *kid-lay*,” i. e. stopping children with parcels and robbing them—the *ken-crack lay*, house-breaking, &c. &c.

" And quite as ready, *after* it,
 " To share the spoil and *grab* the *bit* *,
 " Should not be there, to *join* the *chat*,
 " To see, at least, what fun they're at,
 " And help their Majesties to find
 " *New modes of punishing* mankind.
 " What say you, lads? is any spark
 " Among you ready for a *lark* †
 " To this same Congress?—CALEB, JOE,
 " BILL, BOB, what say you?—yes, or no?""

Thus spoke the CHAMPION, Prime of men,
 And loud and long we *cheer'd* his *prattle*
 With shouts, that thunder'd through the *ken*, ‡
 And made TOM's *Sunday tea-things* rattle!

* To seize the money.

† A frolic or party of pleasure.

‡ House.

A pause ensued—'till cries of “ GREGSON ”
 Brought BOB, the Poet, on his legs soon—
(My eyes, how prettily BOB writes !

Talk of your *Camels, Hogs, and Crabs,**
 And twenty more such *Pidcock* frights—
 BOB’s worth a hundred of these *dabs* :
 For a short *turn up* † at a sonnet,
 A *round* of odes, or *Pastoral bout*,
All Lombard-street to nine-pence on it, ‡
 BOBBY’s the boy would *clean* them *out* !)

* By this curious zoological assemblage (something like Berni’s “ porci, e poeti, e pidocchi ”) the writer means, I suppose, Messrs. Campbell, Crabbe and Hogg.

† A *turn-up* is properly a casual and hasty *set-to*.

‡ More usually “ Lombard-street to a China orange.” There are several of these *funciful* forms of betting—“ Chelsea College to a sentry-box,” “ Pompey’s Pillar to a stick of sealing-wax,” &c. &c.

“ *Gemmen*,” says he—(BOB’s eloquence
 Lies much in C—NN—G’s line, ’tis said,
 For, when BOB can’t afford us *sense*,
 He tips us *poetry*, instead—)

“ *Gemmen*, before I touch the matter,
 “ On which I’m here *had up* for patter,*
 “ A few short words I first must spare,
 “ To him, THE HERO, that sits there,
 “ Swigging *Blue Ruin*,† in that chair.
 “ (*Hear—hear*)—His fame I need not tell,
 “ For that, my friends, all England’s loud with;
 “ But this I’ll say, a civiller *Swell*
 “ I’d never wish to blow a *cloud*‡ with !”

At these brave words, we, ev’ry one,
 Sung out “ hear—hear”—and clapp’d, *like fun*.

* Talk.

† Gin.

‡ To smoke a pipe. This phrase is highly poetical, and explains what Homer meant by the epithet, *νεφεληγερέτης*.

For, knowing how, on Moulsey's plain,
 The CHAMPION *fibb'd* the POET'S *nob*, *
 This *buttering-up*, † against the grain,
 We thought was *curs'd* genteel in BOB.
 And, here again, we may remark
 BOB's likeness to the Lisbon jobber— ‡
 For, though, all know, that *flashy spark*
 From C—ST—R—GH receiv'd a *nobber*,
 That made him look like *sneaking Jerry*,
 And *laid him up* in *ordinary*, §
 Yet, now, such loving *pals* || are they,
 That GEORGY, wiser as he's older,
 Instead of *facing* C—ST—R—GH,
 Is proud to be his *bottle-holder* !

* In the year 1808, when CRIB defeated GREGSON.

† Praising or flattering.

‡ These parallels between great men are truly edifying.

§ Sea cant—a good deal of which has been introduced into the regular Flash, by such *classic* heroes as Scroggins, Crockey, &c.

|| Friends.

But to return to Bob's harangue,
 'Twas deuced fine—no *slum* or *slang*—
 But such as you could *smoke* the bard in,—
 All full of *flowers*, like Common Garden,
 With *lots* of *figures*, neat and bright,
 Like Mother Salmon's—wax-work quite !

The next was TURNER—*nobbing Ned*—
 Who put his right leg forth,* and said,
 “ Tom, I admire your notion much ;
 “ And, *please the pigs*, if well and hearty,
 “ I somehow thinks I'll *have a touch*,
 “ Myself, at this said Congress party.
 “ Though *no great shakes* at learned *chat*,
 “ If settling Europe be the *sport*,

* Ned's favourite Prolegomena in battle as well as in debate. As this position is said to render him “ very hard to be got at,” I would recommend poor Mr. V—ns—t—t to try it as a last resource, in his next *set-to* with Mr. T—rn—y.

“ They’ll find I’m just the boy for that,

“ As *tipping settlers** is my *forte* !”

Then up rose WARD, the veteran JOE,

And, ’twixt his whiffs, † suggested briefly

That but a *few*, at first, should go,

And those, the *light-weight Gemmen* chiefly;

As if too many “ *Big ones*” went,

They might alarm the Continent !!

JOE added, then, that, as ’twas known

The R—G—T, bless his wig ! had shown

A taste for Art, (like JOEY’s own ‡)

* A kind of blow, whose *sedative* nature is sufficiently explained by the name it bears.

† Joe being particularly fond of “ that costly and gentlemanlike smoke” as Dekker calls it. The talent which Joe possesses of uttering *Flash* while he *smokes*—“ *ex fumo dare lucem*”—is very remarkable.

‡ Joe’s taste for pictures has been thus commemorated by the

And meant, 'mong other sporting things,
To have the heads of all those Kings,
And conqu'rors, whom he loves so dearly,
Taken off--on canvas, merely;
God forbid the *other mode!*—
He (JOE) would from his own abode,
(*The Dragon* *—fam'd for *Fancy* works,
Drawings of Heroes, and of—*corks*)

great Historian of Pugilism—"If Joe Ward cannot boast of a splendid gallery of pictures formed of selections from the great *foreign* masters, he can sport such a collection of *native* subjects as, in many instances, must be considered unique. Portraits of nearly all the pugilists (many of them in whole lengths and attitudes) are to be found, from the days of *Figg* and *Broughton* down to the present period, with likenesses of many distinguished amateurs, among whom are Captain Barclay, the classic Dr. Johnson, the Duke of Cumberland, &c. His parlour is decorated in a similar manner; and his partiality for pictures has gone so far, that even the tap-room contains many excellent subjects!"—Boxiana, vol. i. p. 431.

* The *Green Dragon*, King-street, near Swallow-street, "where

Furnish such *Gemmen of the Fist*,*

As would complete the R—G—T's list.

“ Thus, Champion Tom,” said he, “ would look

“ Right well, hung up beside the Duke—

“ Tom's noddle being (if its *frame*

“ Had but the *gilding*) much the same—

“ And, as a partner for *Old Blu*,

“ BILL GIBBONS or *myself* would do.”

Loud cheering at this speech of JOEY'S—

Who, as the *Dilettanti* know, is

(says the same author) any person may have an opportunity of verifying what has been asserted in viewing *Ward's Cabinet of the Fancy!*”

* Among the portraits is one of BILL GIBBONS, by a pupil of the great Fuseli, which gave occasion to the following impromptu:—

Though you are one of Fuseli's scholars,

This question I'll dare to propose,—

How the devil could you use water-colours,

In painting BILL GIEBONS's nose?

(With all his other learned parts,)
*Down as a hammer** to the Arts !

Old BILL, the Black, †—you know him, NEDDY—
 (With mug ‡, whose hue the ebon shames,
 Reflected in a pint of *Deady*,
 Like a large Collier in the Thames)
 Though somewhat *cut*, § just begg'd to say
 He hop'd that *Swell*, Lord C—ST—R—GH,
 Would show the *Lily-Whites* || fair play ;

* To be *down to* any thing is pretty much the same as being *up to* it, and “*down as a hammer*” is, of course, the *intensivum* of the phrase.

† RICHMOND.

‡ Face.

§ *Cut*, tipsy ; another remarkable instance of the similarity that exists between the language of the Classics and that of St. Giles's.—In Martial we find “*Incaluit quoties saucia vena mero.*” Ennius, too, has “*sauciavit se flore Liberi;*” and Justin “*hesterno mero sauci.*”

|| *Lily-whites*, (or *Snow-balls*) Negroes.

“ And not—as *once* he did”—says BILL,
“ Among those Kings, so high and *squirish*,
“ Leave us, poor Blacks, to fare as ill,
“ As if we were but pigs, or—Irish !”

BILL GIBBONS, rising, wish'd to know
Whether 'twas meant *his Bull* should go—
“ As should their Majesties be dull,”
Says BILL, “ there's nothing like a Bull :*
“ And *blow me tight*,”—(BILL GIBBONS ne'er
In all his days was known to swear,
Except light oaths, to grace his speeches,
Like “ *dash my wig*,” or “ *burn my breeches!*”)
“ *Blow me—*”

* Bill Gibbons has, I believe, been lately rivalled in this peculiar Walk of the Fancy, by the superior merits of Tom Oliver's *Game Bull*.

—Just then, the Chair,* already
Grown rather *lively* with the *Deadly*,

* * * * *

* From the respect which I bear to *all sorts* of dignitaries, and my unwillingness to meddle with the “imputed weaknesses of the great,” I have been induced to suppress the remainder of this detail.

No. 2.

VIRGIL, AENEID. LIB. V. 26.

Constitit in digitos extemplò arrectus uterque,
Brachiaque ad superas interritus extulit auras.
Abduxere retrò longè capita ardua ab ictu :
Immiscentque manus manibus, pugnamque laces-
sunt.

Ille, pedum melior motu, fretusque juventâ :
Hic, membris et mole valens ;

No. 2.

Account of the Milling-match between Entellus and Dares, translated from the Fifth Book of the Æneid,

BY ONE OF THE FANCY.

WITH *daddles** high uprais'd, and *nob* held back,
 In awful prescience of th' impending *thwack*,
 Both *Kiddies*† stood—and with prelusive *spar*,
 And light manœuvring, kindled up the war!
 The One, in bloom of youth—a *light-weight blade*— }
 The Other, vast, gigantic, as if made,
 Express, by Nature for the *hammering trade*; }

* Hands.

† Fellows, usually *young fellows*.

sed tarda trementi
Genua labant, vastos quatit æger anhelitus artus.
Multæ viri nequicquam inter se vulnera jactant,
Multæ cavo lateri ingeminant, et pectore vastos
Dant sonitus : erratque aures et tempora circum
Crebra manus : duro crepitant sub vulnere malæ.

Stat gravis Entellus, nisuque immotus eodem,
Corpore tela modò atque oculis vigilantibus exit.

But aged,* slow, with stiff limbs, tottering much,
And lungs, that lack'd the *bellows-mender's* touch.

Yet, sprightly to the *Scratch* both *Buffers* came,
While *ribbers* rung from each resounding frame,
And divers *digs*, and many a ponderous *pelt*,
Were on their broad *bread-baskets* heard and felt.
With roving aim, but aim that rarely miss'd,
Round *lugs* and *ogles* † flew the frequent fist ;
While showers of *facers* told so deadly well,
That the crush'd jaw-bones crackled as they fell !
But firmly stood ENTELLUS—and still bright,
Though bent by age, with all THE FANCY's light,

* Macrobius, in his explanation of the various properties of the number Seven, says, that the fifth Hebdomas of man's life (the age of 35) is the completion of his strength ; that therefore pugilists, if not successful, usually give over their profession at that time. “ Inter pugiles denique hæc consuetudo conservatur, ut quos jam coronavere victoriæ, nihil de se amplius in incrementis virium spe-rent ; qui vero expertes hujus gloriæ usque illo manserunt, a professione discedant.” In Somn. Scip. Lib. 1.

† Ears and eyes.

Ille, velut celsam oppugnat qui molibus urbem,
Aut montana sedet circum castella sub armis;
Nunc hos, nunc illos aditus, omnemque pererrat
Arte locum, et variis assaultibus irritus urget.

Ostendit dextram insurgens Entellus, et altè
Extulit; ille ictum venientem à verticè velox
Prævidit, celerique elapsus corpore cessit.
Entellus vires in ventum effudit, et ultrò
Ipse gravis graviterque ad terram pondere vasto

Stopp'd with a skill, and *rallied* with a fire
 Th' Immortal FANCY could alone inspire !
 While DARES, *shifting* round, with looks of thought,
 An opening to the *Cove's* huge carcase sought,
 (Like General PRESTON, in that awful hour,
 When on *one* leg he hopp'd to—take the Tower !)
 And here, and there, explor'd with active *fin**
 And skilful *feint*, some guardless pass to win,
 And prove a *boring* guest when once *let in.*
}

And now ENTELLUS, with an eye that plann'd
Punishing deeds, high rais'd his heavy hand ;
 But, ere the *sledge* came down, young DARES spied
 Its shadow o'er his brow, and slipp'd aside—
 So nimbly slipp'd, that the vain *nobber* pass'd
 Through empty air ; and He, so high, so vast,

* Arm.

Concidit; ut quondam cava concidit, aut Erymantho,
Aut Idâ in magnâ, radicibus eruta pinus.

Consurgunt studiis Teucri et Trinacia pubes :
It clamor cœlo ; primusque accurrit Acestes
Æquævumque ab humo miserans attollit amicum.

Who dealt the stroke, came thundering to the
ground!—

Not B—CK—GH—M, himself, with bulkier sound,*
Uprooted from the field of Whiggish glories,
Fell *souse*, of late, among the astonish'd Tories! †
Instant the *Ring* was broke, and shouts and yells
From Trojan *Flashmen* and Sicilian *Swells*
Fill'd the wide heav'n—while, touch'd with grief to
see

His *pal*, ‡ well-known through many a *lark* and
spree, §

* As the uprooted trunk in the original is said to be “cava,” the epithet here ought, perhaps, to be “*hollower* sound.”

† I trust my conversion of the Erymanthian pine into his L—ds—p will be thought happy and ingenious. It was suggested, indeed, by the recollection that Erymanthus was also famous for another sort of natural production, very common in society at all periods, and which no one but Hercules ever seems to have known how to manage. Though even he is described by Valerius Flaccus as—“*Erymanthæi sudantem pondere monstri.*”

‡ Friend.

§ Party of pleasure and frolic.

At non tardatus casu, neque territus heros ;
Acrior ad pugnam redit, ac vim suscitat irâ ;
Tum pudor incendit vires, et conscientia virtus ;
Præcipitemque Daren ardens agit æquore toto ;
Nunc dextrâ ingeminans ictus, nunc ille sinistrâ.

Thus *rumly floor'd*, the kind AESTES ran,
 And pitying rais'd from earth the *game* old man.
 Uncow'd, undamag'd to the *sport* he came,
 His limbs all muscle, and his soul all flame.
 The memory of his *milling* glories past,
 The shame, that aught but death should see him
 grass'd,
 All fir'd the veteran's *pluck*—with fury flush'd
 Full on his light-limb'd *customer* he rush'd,
 And *hammering* right and left, with ponderous swing,*
Ruffian'd the reeling youngster round the *Ring*—

* This phrase is but too applicable to the *round hitting* of the ancients, who, it appears by the engravings in Mercurialis de Art. Gymnast. knew as little of our *straight-forward* mode as the uninitiated Irish of the present day. I have, by the by, discovered some errors in Mercurialis, as well as in two other modern authors upon Pugilism (viz. Petrus Faber, in his Agonisticon, and that indefatigable classic antiquary, M. Burette, in his "Memoire pour servir à l'Histoire du Pugilat des Anciens") which I shall have the pleasure of pointing out in my forthcoming "Parallel."

Nec mora, nec requies : quām multā grandine nimbi
Culminibus crepitant, sic densis ictibus heros
Creber utrāque manu pulsat versatque Daret.

Tum pater Æneas procedere longius iras,
Et sævire animis Entellum haud passus acerbis ;
Sed finem imposuit pugnæ, fessumque Daret
Eripuit, mulcens dictis, ac talia fatur.

Infelix ! quæ tanta animum dementia cepit ?
Non vires alias, conversaque numina sentis ?
Cede Deo.

Nor rest, nor pause, nor breathing-time was given,
But, rapid as the rattling hail from heav'n
Beats on the house-top, showers of RANDAL's *shot* *
Around the Trojan's *lugs* flew, peppering hot!
'Till now ÆNEAS, fill'd with anxious dread,
Rush'd in between them, and, with words well-bred,
Preserv'd alike the peace and DARES' head,
Both which the veteran much inclin'd to *break*—
Then kindly thus the *punish'd* youth bespake :
“ Poor *Johnnie Raw* ! what madness could impel
“ So rum a *Flat* to face so *prime* a *Swell* ?
“ See'st thou not, boy, THE FANCY, heavenly Maid,
“ Herself descends to this great *Hammerer's* aid,
“ And, singling *him* from all her *flash* adorers,
“ Shines in his *hits*, and thunders in his *floorers* ?
“ Then, yield thee, youth,—nor such a *spooney* be,
“ To think mere man can *mill* a Deity !”

* A favourite blow of THE NONPAREIL's, so called.

Dixitque, et prælia voce diremit.

Ast illum fidi æquales, genua ægra trahentem
Jactantemque utroque caput, crassumque cruorem
Ore rejectantem, mixtosque in sanguine dentes
Ducunt ad naves.

Thus spoke the Chief—and now, the *scrimmage* o'er,
 His faithful *pals* the *done-up DARES* bore
 Back to his home, with tottering *gams*, sunk heart,
 And *muns* and *noddle pink'd* in every part.*
 While from his *gob* the gurgling *claret* gush'd,
 And lots of *grinders*, from their sockets crush'd,
 Forth with the crimson tide in rattling fragments
 rush'd ! } }

* There are two or three Epigrams in the Greek Anthology, ridiculing the state of mutilation and disfigurement to which the pugilists were reduced by their combats. The following four lines are from an Epigram by Lucillius, Lib. 2.

Κοσκινού ἡ κεφαλη σε, Απολλοφαγες, γεγενηται,
 Η των σητοκοπων βυθλαριων τα κατω.
 Οιλις μυρμικων τρυπηματα λοξα και ορθα,
 Γραμματα των λυρικων Λυδια και Φρυγια.

Literally, as follows: “ Thy head, O Apollophanes, is perforated like a sieve, or like the leaves of an old worm-eaten book; and the numerous scars, both straight and cross-ways, which have been

62

left upon thy pate by the cestus, very much resemble the score of a Lydian or Phrygian piece of music." Periphrastically, thus :

Your noddle, dear Jack, full of holes like a sieve,

Is so figur'd, and dotted, and scratch'd, I declare,

By your *customers'* fists, one would almost believe

They had *punch'd* a whole verse of "The Woodpecker" there !

It ought to be mentioned, that the word "*punching*" is used both in boxing and music-engraving.

No. 3.

As illustrative of the Noble Lord's visit to Congress, I take the liberty of giving the two following pieces of poetry, which appeared some time since in the Morning Chronicle, and which are from the pen, I suspect, of that facetious Historian of the Fudges, Mr. Thomas Brown, the Younger.

LINES

ON THE DEPARTURE OF LORDS C—ST—R—GH
AND ST—W—RT FOR THE CONTINENT.

At Paris et Fratres, et qui rapuere sub illis
Vix tenuere manus (scis hoc, Menelaë) nefandas.*

Ovid. Metam. Lib. 13. v. 202.

GO, Brothers in wisdom—go, bright pair of Peers,
And may Cupid and Fame fan you both with
their pinions !

The *One*, the best lover we have—*of his years*,
And the *other* Prime Statesman of Britain's do-
minions.

* Ovid is mistaken in saying that it was "at Paris" these rapacious transactions took place—we should read "at Vienna."

Go, Hero of Chancery, blest with the smile
Of the Misses that love, and the monarchs that
prize thee ;
Forget Mrs. ANG—LO T—YL—R awhile,
And all tailors but him who so well *dandifies* thee.

Never mind how thy juniors in gallantry scoff,
Never heed how perverse affidavits may thwart
thee,
But shew the young Misses thou 'rt scholar enough
To translate “*Amor Fortis*” a love, *about forty* !

And sure 'tis no wonder, when, fresh as young Mars,
From the battle you came, with the Orders you'd
earn'd in't,
That sweet Lady FANNY should cry out “*my stars!*”
And forget that the *Moon*, too, was some way
concern'd in't.

For not the great R—G—T himself has endur'd
 (Though I've seen him with badges and orders all
 shine,
 Till he look'd like a house that was *over* insur'd)
 A much heavier burthen of glories than thine.

And 'tis plain, when a wealthy young lady so mad is,
 Or *any* young ladies can so go astray,
 As to marry old Dandies that might be their daddies,
 The *stars** are in fault, my Lord ST—W—RT, not
 they!

Thou, too, t'other brother, thou Tully of Tories,
 Thou *Malaprop* Cicero, over whose lips
 Such a smooth rigmarole about "monarchs," and
 "glories,"
 And "nullidge,"† and "features," like syllabub slips.

* "When weak women go astray,
 "The stars are more in fault than they."

† It is thus the noble Lord pronounces the word "knowledge"—

Go, haste, at the Congress pursue thy vocation
Of adding fresh sums to this National Debt of ours,
Leaguing with Kings, who, for mere recreation,
Break promises, fast as your Lordship breaks
metaphors.

Fare ye well, fare ye well, bright Pair of Peers,
And may Cupid and Fame fan you both with
their pinions!
The One, the best lover we have—*of his years*,
And the Other, Prime Statesman of Britain's do-
minions.

deriving it, as far as his own share is concerned, from the Latin,
“nullus.”

TO THE SHIP IN WHICH LORD C—ST—R—GH
SAILED FOR THE CONTINENT.

Imitated from Horace, Lib. 1. Ode 3.

So may my Lady's pray'rs prevail,*
And C—NN—G's too, and *lucid* BR—GGE's,
And ELD—N beg a favouring gale
From Eolus, that *older* Bags, †
To speed thee on thy destin'd way,
Oh ship, that bear'st our C—ST—R—GH, ‡

* Sic te Diva potens Cypri,
Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
Ventorumque regat pater.

† See a description of the *ασκοι*, or *Bags* of Eolus, in the Odyssey, Lib. 10.

‡ Navis, quæ tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium.

Our gracious R—g—t's better half, *
 And, *therefore*, quarter of a King—
 (As VAN, or any other calf,
 May find, without much figuring.)
 Waft him, oh ye kindly breezes,
 Waft this Lord of place and pelf,
 Any where his Lordship pleases,
 Though 'twere to the D—I himself!

Oh, what a face of brass was his, †
 Who first at Congress show'd his phyz—
 To sign away the Rights of Man
 To Russian threats and Austrian juggle ;
 And leave the sinking African ‡
 To fall without one saving struggle—

* —— Animæ dimidium meum.

† Illi robur et æs triplex.

Circa pectus erat, qui, &c.

‡ —— præcipitem Africum
Decertantem Aquilonibus.

'Mong ministers from North and South,
 To shew his lack of shame and sense,
 And hoist the Sign of "Bull and Mouth"
 For blunders and for eloquence !

In vain we wish our *Secs.* at home *
 To mind their papers, desks, and shelves,
 If silly *Secs.* abroad *will* roam
 And make such noodles of themselves.

But such hath always been the case--
 For matchless impudence of face,
 There's nothing like your Tory race ! †

* Ne quicquam Deus abscidit
 Prudens oceano dissociabili
 Terras, si tamen impiæ
 Non tangenda *Rates* transiliunt vada.

This last line, we may suppose, alludes to some distinguished
Rats that attended the voyager.

† Audax omnia perpeti
 Gens ruit per vetitum nefas.

First, PITT,* the chos'n of England, taught her
A taste for famine, fire, and slaughter.

Then came the Doctor, † for our ease,
With E—D—NS, C—TH—MS, H—WK—B—S,
And other deadly maladies.

When each, in turn, had run their rigs,
Necessity brought in the Whigs: ‡
And oh, I blush, I blush to say,

When these, in turn, were put to flight, too,
Illustrious T—MP—E flew away

With lots of pens he had no right to! §

* Audax Japeti genus
Ignem fraude malâ gentibus intulit.

† Post _____

_____ macies, et nova febrium
Terris incubit cohors.

‡ _____ tarda necessitas
Lethi corripuit gradum.

§ Expertus vacuum Dædalus aëra
Pennis non homini datis.

This allusion to the 1200*l.* worth of stationary, which his Lordship ordered, when on the point of *vacating* his place, is particularly happy. ED.

In short, what *will* not mortal man do ? *

And now, that—strife and bloodshed past—
We've done on earth what harm we can do,
We gravely take to heav'n at last; †
And think its favouring smile to purchase
(Oh Lord, good Lord ! by—building churches !)

* *Nil mortalibus arduum est.*

† *Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitiâ.*

No. 4.

BOB GREGSON,

POET LAUREATE OF THE FANCY.

“ FOR hitting and getting away (says the elegant Author of *Boxiana*) RICHMOND is distinguished ; and the brave MOLINEUX keeps a strong hold in the circle of boxers, as a pugilist of the first class ; while the CHAMPION of ENGLAND stands unrivalled for his punishment, game, and milling on the retreat !—but, notwithstanding the above variety of qualifications, it has been reserved for BOB GREGSON, alone, from his union of PUGILISM and POETRY, to recount the deeds of his Brethren of the Fist in heroic verse, like the bards of old, sounding the praises of their

warlike champions.” The same author also adds, that “ although not possessing the terseness and originality of Dryden, or the musical cadence and correctness of Pope, yet still Bob has entered into his peculiar subject with a characteristic energy and apposite spirit.” Vol. 1. p. 357.

This high praise of Mr. GREGSON’s talents is fully borne out by the specimen which his eulogist has given, *page 358*—a very spirited Chaunt, or Nemean ode, entitled “ British Lads and Black *Millers*.”

The connexion between poetical and pugnacious propensities seems to have been ingeniously adumbrated by the ancients, in the bow with which they armed Apollo :

Φοιβῷ γνῷ καὶ ΤΟΞΟΝ επιτρεπεται καὶ ΑΟΙΔΗ.

Callimach. Hymn. in Apollin. v. 44.

The same mythological bard informs us that, when Minerva bestowed the gift of inspiration upon

Tiresias, she also made him a present of a large cudgel ;

Δωσω και ΜΕΓΑ ΒΑΚΤΡΟΝ :

another evident intimation of the congeniality supposed to exist between the exercises of the Imagination and those of THE FANCY. To no one at the present day is the *double wreath* more justly due than to MR. BOB GREGSON. In addition to his numerous *original* productions, he has condescended to give imitations of some of our living poets—particularly of Lord Byron and Mr. Moore; and the amatory style of the latter gentleman has been caught, with peculiar felicity, in the following lines, which were addressed some years ago, to MISS GRACE MADDOX, a young Lady of pugilistic celebrity, of whom I have already made honourable mention in the Preface.

LINES

TO MISS GRACE MADDOX, THE FAIR PUGILIST,

Written in imitation of the style of Moore,

BY BOB GREGSON, P. P.

SWEET Maid of the Fancy!—whose *ogles*,* adorning
That beautiful cheek, ever budding like bowers,
Are bright as the gems that the first Jew† of morning
Hawks round Covent-Garden, 'mid cart-loads of
flowers !

* Eyes.

† By the trifling alteration of “dew” into “Jew,” Mr. Gregson has contrived to collect the three chief ingredients of Moore’s poetry, viz. dews, gems, and flowers, into the short compass of these two lines.

Oh Grace of the Graces ! whose kiss to my lip
 Is as sweet as the brandy and tea, rather thinnish,
 That *Knights* of the *Rumpad** so rurally sip,
 At the first blush of dawn, in the Tap of the Finish!†

Ah, never be false to me, fair as thou art,
 Nor belie all the many kind things thou hast said ;
 The falsehood of *other* nymphs touches the *Heart*,
 But *thy fibbing*, my dear, plays the dev'l with the
Head !

Yet, who would not prize, beyond honours and pelf,
 A maid to whom Beauty such treasures has granted,
 That, ah, she not only has black eyes, herself,
 But can furnish a friend with a pair, too, if wanted !

* Highwaymen.

† See Note, page 35. Brandy and tea is the favourite beverage at the Finish.

Lord ST—W—RT's a hero (as many suppose)
 And the Lady he woos is a rich and a rare one ;
 His *heart* is in *Chancery*, every one knows,
 And so would his *head* be, if thou wert his fair one.

Sweet Maid of the Fancy ! when love first came o'er
 me,
 I felt rather *queerish*, I freely confess ;
 But now I've thy beauties each moment before me,
 The pleasure grows more, and the queerishness less.

Thus a new set of *darbies*,* when first they are worn,
 Makes the *Jail-bird*† uneasy, though splendid
 their ray ;
 But the links will lie lighter the longer they're borne,
 And the comfort increase, as the *shine* fades away !

* Fetters.

† Prisener.—This being the only bird in the whole range of Ornithology, which the author of Lalla Rookh has not pressed into his service, Mr. Gregson may consider himself very lucky in being able to lay hold of it.

I had hoped that it would have been in my power to gratify the reader with several of MR. GREGSON's lyrical productions, but I have only been able to procure copies of Two Songs, or Chaunts, which were written by him for a Masquerade, or *Fancy Ball*, given lately at one of the most fashionable Cock-and-Hen Clubs in St. Giles's. Though most of the company were without characters, there were a few very lively and interesting maskers; among whom, we particularly noticed BILL RICHMOND, as the *Emperor of Hayti*,* attended by SUTTON, as a sort of black Mr. V—NS—T—T; and IKEY PIG made an excellent L—s D—XH—T. The beautiful Mrs. CROCKEY,† who keeps the Great *Rag Shop* in Ber-

* His Majesty (in a Song which I regret I cannot give) professed his intentions

To take to strong *measures* like some of his kin—

To turn away Count LEMONADE, and bring in

A more spirited ministry under Duke GIN!

† A relative of poor Crockey, who was lagged some time since.

mondsey, went as the *Old Lady of Threadneedle Street*. She was observed to flirt a good deal with the black Mr. V—NS—T—T, but to do her justice, she guarded her “*Hesperidum mala*” with all the vigilance of a dragoness. JACK HOLMES,* the pugilistic *Coachman*, personated Lord C—ST—R—GH, and sung in admirable style

Ya-hip, my Hearties ! here am I
That drive the Constitution Fly.

This Song (which was written for him by Mr. GREGSON, and in which the language and sentiments of *Coachee* are transferred so ingeniously to the Noble person represented) is as follows :

* The same, I suppose, that served out Blake (alias *Tom Tough*) some years ago, at Wilsden Green. The *Fancy Gazette*, on that occasion, remarked, that poor Holmes's face was “rendered perfectly unintelligible.”

YA-HIP, MY HEARTIES!

Sung by JACK HOLMES, the Coachman, at a late masquerade in
St. Giles's, in the character of Lord C—ST—R—GH.

I FIRST was hir'd to peg a *Hack**
 They call "The Erin," sometime back,
 Where soon I learn'd to patter *flash*, †
 To curb the *tits* ‡ and *tip the lash*—
 Which pleas'd the *Master of THE CROWN*
 So much, he had me up to town,
 And gave me *lots of quids* § a year,
 To *tool* || "The Constitution" here.
 So, ya-hip, Hearties! here am I
 That drive the Constitution Fly.

* To drive a hackney coach. *Hack*, however, seems in this place to mean an old broken down stage-coach.

† To talk slang, parliamentary or otherwise.

‡ Horses.

§ Money.

|| A process carried on successfully under the Roman Emperors,

Some wonder how the Fly holds out,
 So *rotten* 'tis, within, without ;
 So loaded, too, through thick and thin,
 And with such *heavy* *cretors* IN.
 But, Lord, 'twill last our time—or if
 The wheels should, now and then, get stiff,
*Oil of Palm's** the thing that, flowing,
 Sets the *naves* and *felloes* † going!
 So, ya-hip, Hearties ! &c.

Some wonder, too, the *tits* that pull
 This *rum concern* along, so full,

as appears from what Tacitus says of the “*Instrumenta Regni*”—
 To *tool* is a technical phrase among the Knights of the Whip ;
 thus, that illustrious member of the Society, Richard Cypher, Esq.
 says : “I've dash'd at every thing—pegg'd at a *jervy*—*tool'd* a mail-coach.”

* Money.

† In Mr. Gregson's MS. these words are spelled “*knaves* and *fellowes*,” but I have printed them according to the proper wheelwright orthography.

Should never *back*, or *bolt*, or kick
 The load and driver to Old Nick.
 But, never fear—the breed, though British,
 Is now no longer *game* or skittish ;
 Except, sometimes, about their *corn*,
 Tamer *Houyhnhnms* * ne'er were born.

So, ya-hip, Hearties ! &c.

And then so sociably we ride !—
 While some have *places*, snug, inside,
 Some, hoping to be there anon,
 Through many a dirty road *hang on*.

* The extent of Mr. Gregson's learning will, no doubt, astonish the reader; and it appears by the following lines, from a Panegyric written upon him, by One of the Fancy, that he is also a considerable adept in the Latin language.

“ As to sciences—BOB knows a little of all,
 “ And, in Latin, to shew that he's no ignoramus,
 “ He wrote once an Ode on his friend, *Major Paul*,
 “ And the motto was *Paulo majora canamus!*”

And when we reach a filthy spot,
(Plenty of which there are, God wot)
You'd laugh to see, with what an air
We *take* the spatter—each his share!

So, ya-hip, Hearties! &c.

The other song of Mr. Gregson, which I have been lucky enough to lay hold of, was sung by *Old Prosy*, the Jew, who went in the character of Major C—RTW—GHT, and who having been, at one time of his life, apprentice to a mountebank doctor, was able to enumerate, with much volubility, the virtues of a certain infallible nostrum, which he called his **ANNUAL PILL**. The pronunciation of the Jew added considerably to the effect.

THE ANNUAL PILL.

Sung by OLD PROSY, the Jew, in the character of Major

C—RTW—GHT.

VILL nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*,
Dat's to purify every ting nashty avay ?
Pless ma heart, pless ma heart, let ma say vat I vill,
Not a Chrishtian or Shentleman minds vat I say !
'Tis so pretty a bolus!—just down let it go,
And, at vonce, such a *radical* shange you vill see,
Dat I'd not be surprish'd, like de horse in de show,
If our heads all vere found, vere our tailsh ought
to be !

Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*, &c.

'Twill cure all Electors, and purge away clear
 Dat mighty bad itching dey've got in deir hands—
 'Twill cure, too, all Statesmen, of dullness, ma tear,
 Though the case vas as desperate as poor Mister
 VAN'S.

Dere is noting at all vat dis Pill vill not reach—
 Give the Sinecure Ghentleman von little grain,
 Pless ma heart, it vill act, like de salt on de leech,
 And he'll throw de pounds, shillings, and pence,
 up again ! ^
 Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*, &c.

'Twould be tedious, ma tear, all its peauties to paint—
 But, among oder tings *fundamentally* wrong,
 It vill cure *de Proad Pottom* *—a common complaint
 Among M. Ps. and weavers—from *sitting* too
 long. †

* Meaning, I presume, *Coalition Administrations*.

† Whether sedentary habits have any thing to do with this

Should symptoms of *speeching* preak out on a dunce,
(Vat is often de case) it vill stop de disease,
And pring avay all de long speeches at vonce,
Dat else would, like tape-worms, come by degrees !
Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*,
Dat's to purify every ting nashty away ?
Pless ma heart, pless ma heart, let ma say vat I vill
Not a Christian or Shentleman minds vat I say !

peculiar shape, I cannot determine, but that some have supposed a sort of connection between them, appears from the following remark, quoted in Kornmann's curious book, *de Virginitatis Jure*— “Ratio perquam lepida est apud Kirchner. in Legato, cum natura illas partes, quæ ad sessionem sunt destinatæ, latiores in fæminis fecerit quam in viris, innueus domi eas manere debere.” Cap. 40.

No. 5.

The following poem is also from the Morning Chronicle, and has every appearance of being by the same pen as the two others I have quoted. The Examiner, indeed, in extracting it from the Chronicle, says, "we think we can guess whose easy and sparkling hand it is."

TO SIR HUDSON LOWE.

Effare causam nominis,
Utrum ne mores hoc tui
Nomen dedere, an nomen hoc
Secuta morum regula.

AUSONIUS.

SIR Hudson Lowe, Sir Hudson *Low*,

(By name, and ah! by nature so)

As thou art fond of persecutions,
Perhaps thou'st read, or heard repeated,
How Captain Gulliver was treated,
When thrown among the Lilliputians.

They tied him down—these little men did—
 And having valiantly ascended
 Upon the Mighty Man's protuberance,
 They did so strut!—upon my soul,
 It must have been extremely droll
 To see their pigmy pride's exuberance!

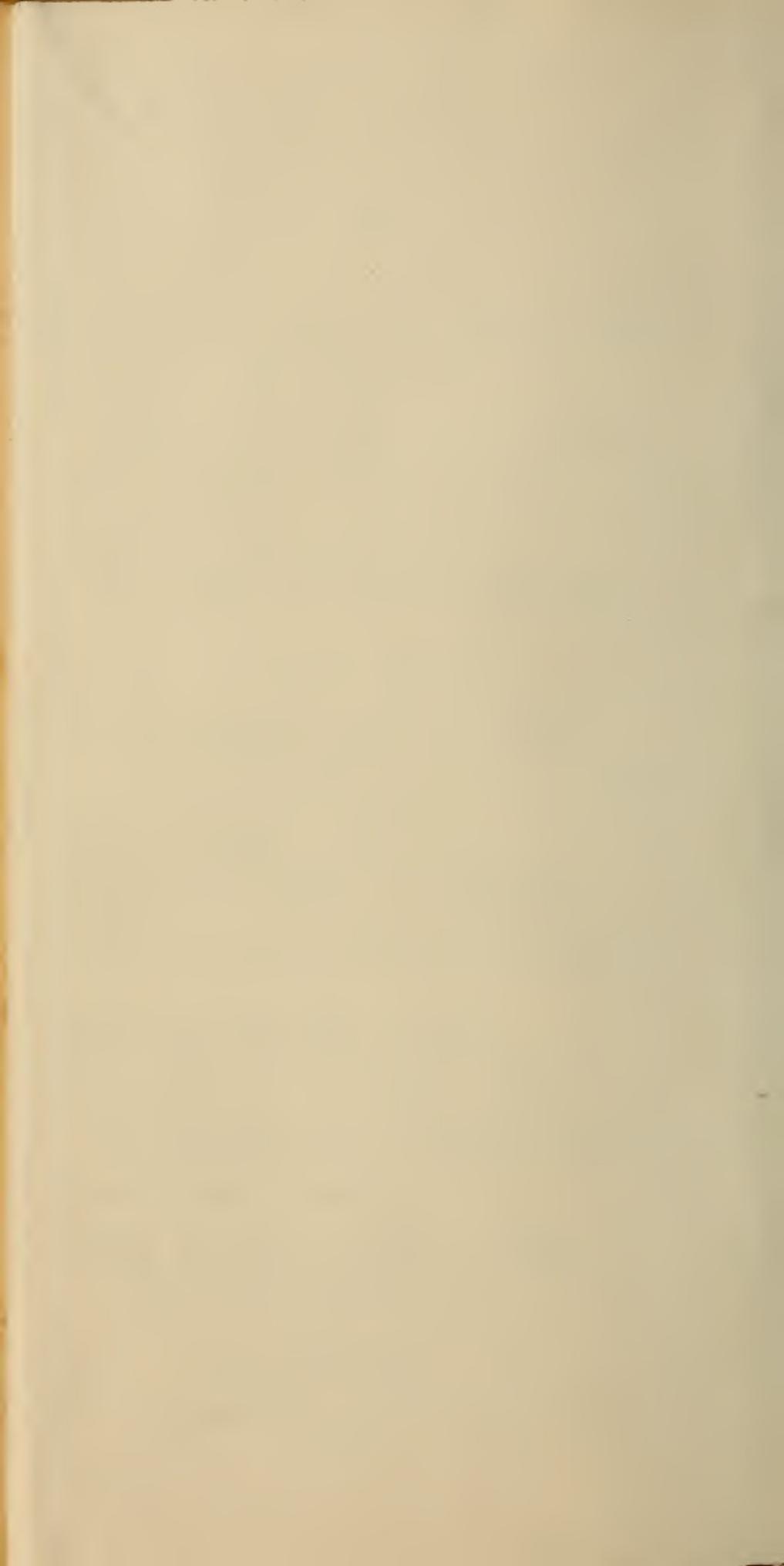
And how the doughty mannikins
 Amus'd themselves with sticking pins
 And needles in the great man's breeches ;
 And how some *very* little things,
 That pass'd for Lords, on scaffoldings
 Got up, and worried him with speeches.

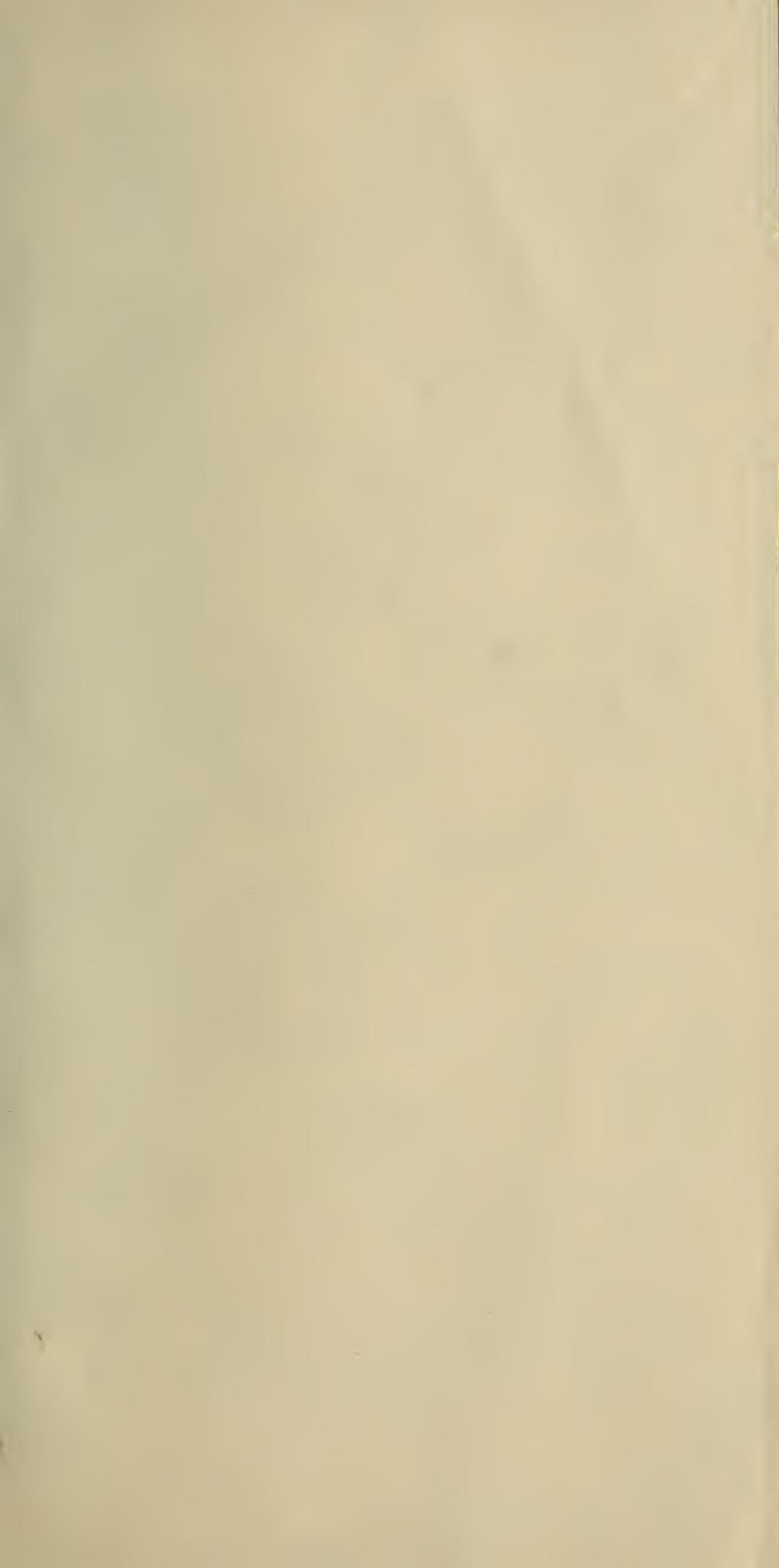
Alas, alas! that it should happen
 To mighty men to be caught napping !—
 Though different, too, these persecutions ;
 For Gulliver, *there*, took the nap,
 While, *here*, the *Nap*, oh sad mishap,
 Is taken by the Lilliputians !

THE END.

Printed by T. Davison, Whitefriars, London.











LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 003 455 352 A

